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A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JULY 14: 1900

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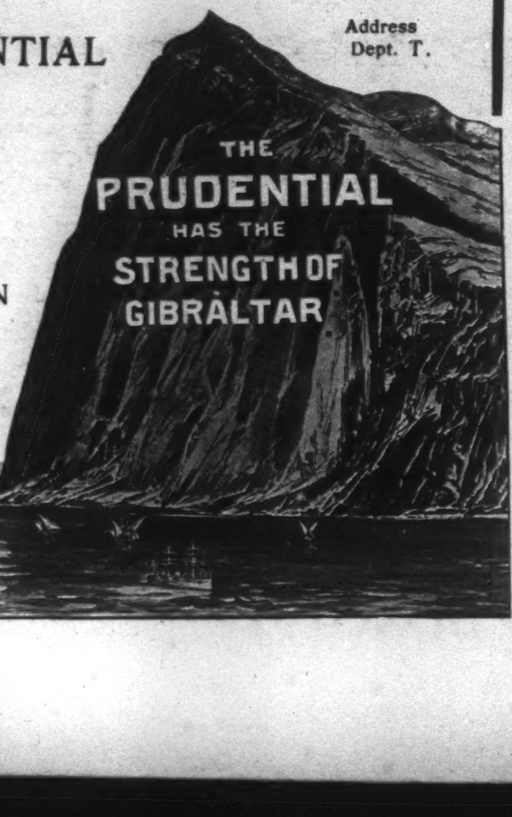

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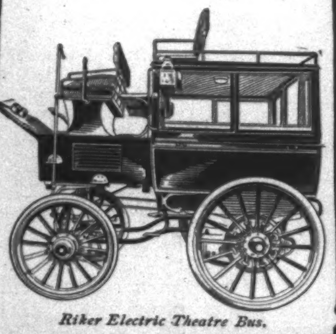

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July 14 1900

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J.S.

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Thomas F. Grady. John W. Keller. Richard Croker. John F. Carroll. Senator Edward Murphy.

NEW YORK DELEGATION AT THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 14, 1900

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An Entangling Alliance

IF the Hon. CARL SCHURZ has not by this time received a letter of thanks from the Emperor of Germany for his strenuous efforts in behalf of the Kaiser's Imperial schemes in the Pacific, it is because WILHELM II. either is the most ungrateful of monarchs or is too busily occupied in watching Chinese developments to spare the time necessary to the writing of it. It cannot be that one so watchful of his own interests as the Emperor is has failed to note how strong an ally he has in the person of Mr. SCHURZ. Noting it, he might be ten times the Kaiser and yet fail to be proof against gratitude, considering the great value of the services rendered, so that if Mr. SCHURZ has not heard from the Emperor it is reasonable to suppose that for the moment the house of HOHENZOLLERN finds itself fully occupied in the contemplation of Chinese matters.

It is curious what strange bedfellows politics will make. No one would have supposed, when Mr. SCHURZ left his native land many years ago because he could not reconcile himself to the rulers of the father-land, to become a free and independent citizen of this republic, that he would to-day develop into the most useful instrument in a far country of the Imperial policy of the Kaiser. Yet this strange thing has come about, and we have the anomalous spectacle presented to us at this very moment of an Anti-Imperialist bending his every energy to smooth the pathway of the most high-handed kind of Imperialism; to destroy absolutely the one serious obstacle in the Kaiser's path to commercial supremacy in the East by influencing the American people to abandon their righteous stand for liberty and the preservation of law and order in the Philippine Islands, and by allying himself with the advocates of financial dishonor to shatter the credit of the one nation of earth of whose commercial prestige the German Imperialists are most reasonably jealous.

It is a surprise and a painful one to many to find Mr. SCHURZ in so unfortunate a predicament. It is impossible to believe that he has consciously entered into an entangling alliance which is fundamentally so far removed from his taste and his principles, but there he is, willy-nilly. If his most lately avowed project of striving to bring about the defeat of WILLIAM MCKINLEY, because Mr. MCKINLEY has adhered to a firm and just policy in the Philippine Islands, and has refused to break faith with the Filipinos by abandoning them to the very hungry and very thirsty powers of Europe, is crowned with success, no one would be better pleased than the war lord of Potsdam. If, through the direct or indirect support of Mr. SCHURZ and his followers, the man whose avowed financial policy involves a vital blow at the commercial integrity of the United States is elected to administer the affairs of this nation for four years to come, no living being in all Europe could view the situation with more complacency than the strenuous statesman who rules at Berlin. And if these things are accomplished through the instrumentality of Mr. SCHURZ and his friends—not a likely eventuality, but still possible—a failure upon the Kaiser's part to bestow the decoration of the Iron Cross upon our distinguished and academically esteemed fellow-citizen will be one of the grossest instances of the ingratitude of princes in history.

We cannot believe that Mr. SCHURZ has quite considered all this. We are more inclined to the opinion that his recent association with the Anti-Imperialist League, an organization of a thousand leaders with no followers, has led him into an advocacy of measures the results of which he has not foreseen, and which a year from now he will sincerely regret. With the bulk of us laughing at the sonnets of GARRISON, with many more splitting their sides over the tremendous importance of WINSLOW, and with the scientists openly and vigorously objecting to the traitorous periods of ATKINSON, and the solid, honest strength of the country repudiating the heresies of BRYAN, it is a sorry sight to see the Hon. CARL SCHURZ allying himself with these people, and, without realizing it, aiding the schemes of a monarch who is the very incarnation of policies that in his own soul he detests.

A strong man should never become a cat's-paw.

A Marked Contrast

IN marked contrast to the attitude of Mr. SCHURZ upon this question are the broad and statesmanlike utterances of Senator HOAR and the Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT. Mr. HOAR abates not a jot in his opposition to what he considers the schemes of Imperialism upon which this country has embarked, but he has sufficient foresight to perceive that even if his misgivings are all justified, there is something far worse involved in the abandonment of the reins of government to the hungry and thirsty hordes of Bryanism. He is also fair-minded enough to concede that the President has always been actuated, even in the measures which are most abhorrent in the eyes of the senior Senator from Massachusetts, by the highest and most patriotic motives; that it is even conceivable that under the given circumstances the President might not after all have been able honorably to do other than he has done. In other words, when it has come to the pinch, Mr. HOAR, without turning his back upon his record in the slightest degree, has virtually admitted that his may after all be merely a point of view, and that his differences with the President and the bulk of his party have been solely in the matter of their respective ideals. The Senator's statement, recently made, is a frank, manly, and honorable presentation of the situation, uncolored by partisan prejudice and statesmanlike in its freedom from individual bias. There is no Yellowness in the soul of Senator HOAR.

Mr. HEWITT approaches the subject in his usual incisive manner. He will have no compromise with Bryanism in any way, shape, or form. He asserts, and he asserts truly, that the American conception of government is liberty regulated by law; the BRYAN notion is despotism regulated by anarchy. He does not believe that in fact there is any issue in this country between Imperialism and Anti-Imperialism. Mr. HEWITT added that it was simply a case of "having the wolf by the ear and not being able to let go." He would gladly see such a solution. But it appeared entirely impracticable, if not impossible.

He did not believe that the administration had desired the Philippines, or had consciously entered upon a course of empire, but that it had been gradually forced into its present situation by currents of events which could neither be foreseen nor resisted. In similar fashion, without desire or ulterior purpose, we were sustaining a part in an armed conflict in China, the outcome of which no mortal could foresee. Only, it was clear that the powers must establish there a stable government, and it was quite within the probabilities that the United States would be compelled to bear an active share in its maintenance. Without invoking Imperialism, the United States, however reluctantly, might be drawn into it by world movements which ever produced most unexpected results, for none could keep this country within hard and fast lines.

How different are these two expressions, from men who have won their spurs in the councils of the nation, from the despairing cry of Mr. SCHURZ! How different in temper, how far more convincing, how more clearly fair-minded, than the periods in which Mr. SCHURZ has held up the President of the United States to public reprobation and scorn!

It surely ought not to take much time for the unbiassed mind to decide which of the two sides is right. As strongly Anti-Imperialistic as Mr. SCHURZ himself, Mr. HOAR cannot sacrifice the best interests of his country to the fulfilment of an impossible deal; strongly antagonistic fundamentally to the principles of the Republican party, the sterling New York Democrat, Mr. HEWITT, would rather cut off his right hand than lift his voice in favor of those who have paralyzed the energies of the good old Democratic party, dragged its good name into the mire of Populism, and by raising a false cry of Imperialism now seek to frighten the public into handing over the administration of the government to their chaotic and unprincipled care.

Inaction in China

IN the face of the horrors which with too much reason one believes to have been perpetrated at Peking, it would ordinarily prove a difficult task to advise caution and deliberate action on the part of the powers whose representatives have probably been most foully murdered. Strangely enough at this time, when the whole world is nervous and irritable, and prone to emotional acts, when one would expect that an overwhelming clamor of public opinion would already have forced the great nations into action, it is not deliberation that one is required to ask for, but less sluggishness in meeting an appalling situation. The Boxer movement has been going on in the sight of all men for several months. One of our most energetic daily newspapers has devoted much of its space to a consideration of the movement and its meaning; and yet while the flames of riot were spreading daily and becoming every hour more and more ominous, the statesmanship of the world has seemed powerless to grasp the situation, and has sat as if paralyzed. Even to-day, as this paragraph is written, there is yet to be issued by any of the nations a call to an international conference by whose deliberations some sort of plan for an organized effort to put a stop to these terrible and intolerable conditions might be devised. It would seem as if some far-seeing statesman might have sounded the note of alarm as long as three months ago, and that by this time some scheme of action might have been devised and put into operation which should have acted at least as a deterrent upon the wicked and inflamed leaders of the revolution, and by which the lives of the foreign ministers to Peking might have been saved. Admitting the necessity of concerted action, with the exception of the inefficacious force under Admiral SEYMOUR, nothing has been done that indicates an understanding between the allied powers.

Can it be that the psychological moment for a peaceful solution of this difficult problem in the East is to be allowed to pass, and that the individual ambitions of unscrupulous potentates are to be furthered because the Anglo-Saxon world possesses no statesman by whose vigorous and prompt action alone their schemes of piracy may be blocked? It is a disturbing thought that with all our boasted strength and vaunted influence in the civilization of the world the time has come when we must be weighed in the balance and, unless all signs are misleading, are to be found wanting.

More Bryanitis

WE had something to say in these columns last week about the disease of Bryanitis. We should have been happy to find ourselves in the wrong, to have had it proven to us that our diagnosis was not correct, but it is the sad fact absolutely demonstrated by the convention at Kansas City that every word we said was the truth. A more humiliating spectacle than a so-called Democratic convention made up of representatives from all parts of the country cringing before the power of a shallow-brained boss, whipped into line by the lash of a ring-master, forced into a declaration in favor of a policy of folly, shame, and dishonor by a comedian temporarily clad in the robes of a despot, has yet to be presented upon the political stage of this or any other age. No wonder that a well-known Democratic editor, in his grief over the fate of the party to whose fortunes he has in the past taken pride in allying himself, cries out that such an exhibition of bossism, folly, and weakness has never been seen before in this country. He speaks truly, and he might have added that there could be but one greater exhibition of weakness and folly in the whole range of foolishness and weakness, which would lie in the surrender by the voters of this land of their safety, honor, and welfare to the hands of the Boxer of Nebraska.

We have confidence that this superlative of insanity will never become an accomplished fact, but no man because of his confidence that all will turn out well may settle down to inaction. The smallest fire should be fought; the most sporadic of pests should be stamped out; the meanest of nuisances should be abated; and the fighting and the stamping out and the abating can be accomplished only by those who rouse themselves into action, and who are not content to leave the settlement of their difficulties to others.

The defeat of Bryanism—sure to come—should not be a mere defeat. It should be a rout. In 1896 the serpent was scotched. In 1900 it should be killed, and every vestige of it wiped from the face of the earth. In the parlance of collegiate oarsmen, this is no time for passengers on the crew.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

SENATOR DAVID B. HILL, of New York, has dared to assert an independent opinion, and fight Boss Croker. Therefore twenty thousand people in a hall wanted to make Hill President of the United States. That may seem to some an extravagant reward for a politician, not only because he is boss-ruled, but it is an unexaggerated statement of the one dominant and meaningful development of the National Democratic Convention which has just adjourned, as I write this despatch to the WEEKLY. Of those twenty thousand people who for three days shouted approval of Hill because he had fought Croker, some nine hundred were delegates, and those delegates were not the least enthusiastic shouters, save only the poor dumb creatures brought here all the way from New York, wearing delegates' badges, occupying delegates' seats, parading with all the pomp and circumstance of delegates, but who were as innocent of any share in the control of the Empire State's seventy-two votes as were the sheep who were all courteously invited to be led to slaughter in the shamble at the foot of one of the seventeen hills whereon this future metropolis of the West is built.

On the morning of the first day of the Convention the newspapers printed a story of how Croker had ordered New York's delegates not to elect Mr. Hill to the Convention Committee on Platform. Hill wanted to go on the committee in order that Eastern Democrats might have an advocate for a modification of the financial plank, but Croker wanted a representative on the committee he could control. In the caucus of New York delegates called to go through the pretence of deciding this matter Croker was not satisfied with telling him he could not have the committeeship, but taunted Hill in such language that the latter left the caucus-room. This step, I say, became known before the twenty thousand people gathered in the great Convention Hall, and it made Hill a hero who would have been nominated for President instead of Bryan had there been a machineless delegation on the floor. After the three sessions of the first day, during all of which the demonstrations for Hill were so remarkable as to cause frantic messages to be sent to Bryan to come and prevent a stampede, I asked a Tammany man if Croker was not alarmed at the situation.

"No," he replied; "if there were any delegation that dared stand for Hill, nothing could prevent his nomination, but there is not one which dares to stand for Hill, and Croker knows it, and is not afraid."

This remark is reported here by way of a wholly good-natured suggestion, designed to recall the danger of throwing stones when living in houses made of glass. I mean that the Democratic comment on the Philadelphia Convention will sound a bit humorous hereafter, when it includes moral reflections on the danger of bossism.

The Hill incident, as I say, was the sensational feature of the Convention, ending as it did with Croker's man Grady placing Hill in nomination for the Vice-Presidency, while Hill stood behind him on the platform ready to decline the nomination as soon as Grady had finished his speech.

The feature next in sensation and surprise, and actually of more enduring importance, was the reception given to the plank in the platform declaring that Imperialism was to be the "paramount issue of the campaign."

A wild demonstration followed, for which there had been no stage management, no tricks of preparation, and it lasted more than a half-hour. In part it was an expression of the old enthusiasm for Hill, for Hill wanted something besides 16 to 1 to be declared the paramount issue, and in part it was a sudden explosion of the long-felt resentment against Bryan for his wilful and intolerant insistence upon 16 to 1.

Anyway, it supplied the most remarkable scene ever witnessed in a convention, making the famous Blaine scene in the Minneapolis Convention appear like a session of the United States Senate by comparison. It has been a hopeless task to the hundreds of writers here to convey any adequate picture of the emotional storm, and I shall not attempt it. However, a slight incident will serve as an illustration, and it was rather good in itself anyway.

The chair next to mine at the press tables was occupied by one of the many women reporters sending telegraphic stories to lively Western papers. She had paid strict attention to business during three sessions. She perfectly understood that a reporter at a hanging, a prize-fight, or even a convention, is not expected to feel any of the emotions or passions swaying the others, and she lived up to the rule nobly. She kept her bulletin copy separate from her story copy; never confused the numbers or letter series of her sheets; tipped the messengers to rush her copy to the telegraphers; was strictly reportorial in all respects.

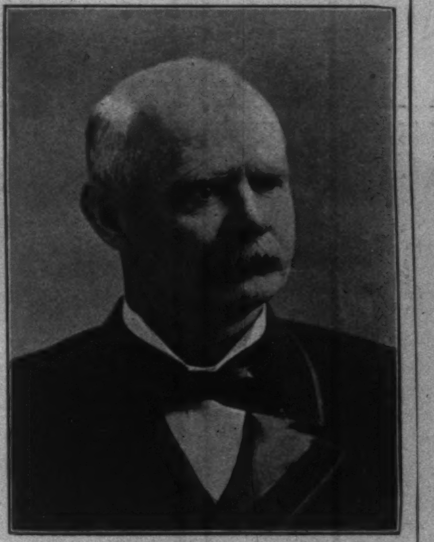
But she fell to earth and became a mere human during that anti-Imperialism demonstration. For fifteen minutes she scribbled away like a veteran. By this time literally ten thousand flags were waving, twenty thousand people cheering, delegates marching, and pure hysterics ruled.

Then over all the din the band was heard to play "My Country, 'tis of Thee." People stopped cheering and began singing. It was a mighty and an impressive sound. Suddenly that girl reporter threw away her pencil, jumped to her chair, then on her table, grabbed a flag, beat time with it, and with tears in her eyes sang the hymn through in a boundless enthusiasm and in the joy of temporary insanity.

When it was all over she sank into her seat and gasped, as she wiped the perspiration from her beaming face, "I know it wasn't good to newspapers to do that, but everything got all lit up, and I just had to sing or burst."

Now that is not a frivolous tale. It is a story the Republican campaign-managers should ponder over after reading. I'm not certain it's not the most important story they will read about this Convention. It means that they are to be put on the defensive in the matter of Imperialism, and that being the fact, it is a good thing for them to know.

When the Convention adjourned at eight o'clock on the evening of the first day, the Committee on Resolutions met and remained in continuous session until seven o'clock the next morning. The final vote in the committee on the 16-to-1 plank was, as you know, 26 to 24. It has been said that if the half-white Hawaiian delegate had voted against instead of in favor of the plank in committee, the ratio would not have been inserted, as the vote would have been a tie. As Hawaii will have no vote in the electoral college, this has aroused a feeling in favor of not giving Territories representation on committees. But the half-white did not do the evil. Had the plank been left open for debate on the floor, 16 to 1 yet would have carried the day, because New York would have voted in favor of it. I would not make so grave an assertion in this despatch did I not have authority for it. I cannot doubt the story I heard, and I believe it implicitly. It is this: Between six and seven o'clock Thursday morning, before news of the vote of committee had reached Lincoln, Nebraska, Colonel Bryan in Lincoln called up by telephone a man here slated for the position of chief of the National Democratic Committee's press bureau. Bryan inquired anxiously about news from the committee-room, and told the man to go and see Croker and learn what the New York boss would do in case the committee failed to insert the ratio. Croker told him to telephone Bryan not to worry; that if the question came to a separate debate and vote on the floor of the Convention he, Croker, would call New York and cast the seventy-two votes solid for the 16 to 1. That shows Croker not only was ready to betray New York Democrats, but taken in connection with his treatment of Hill, insulting him to the last even after three days' astonishing evidence of Hill's popularity in the West, proves also that Croker is not a wise, not even a crafty man. It is perfectly understood that Croker is ambitious to become a boss in national politics, yet he is so little, so near-sighted, he could not forego the petty-tyrant rôle even at the sacrifice of his ambition. It was curious to observe evidence of this in the Convention. Democrats are more eagerly and curiously interested in politics than Republicans. They follow the acts and careers of their prominent men, especially the Western Democrats who made up the great audience, with the same intelligent and persistent search after delegates that a similar class of New-Yorkers show in the acts and careers of a Casino soubrette suddenly lodged on a pinnacle of fame by becoming engaged to an Earl. Any man who had ever accomplished anything in the Senate or House, or ever in the confines of his own State, and who was known to be a delegate, was called for, and when he appeared on the platform was instantly recognized and applauded. It is a reward dear to the hearts of men in public life, and the proceedings of this Convention were arranged with scrupulous care that no statesman in whom the spectators had even a slight interest should lack opportunity to receive such reward. But not once in the three days' proceedings did one single person, not even a weakly curious chance visitor, call for Croker. He committed suicide so far as any life in national politics is concerned, and the otherwise over-noisy spectators were decently silent in the presence of the remains. So I repeat that Croker is not wise, not even crafty. He has vented his malice on Hill, and therefore Hill will industriously knife any State ticket Croker puts up to be knocked down in the fall. He is not a wise man, not even crafty. His littleness was one of the many great surprises of this spring Convention.



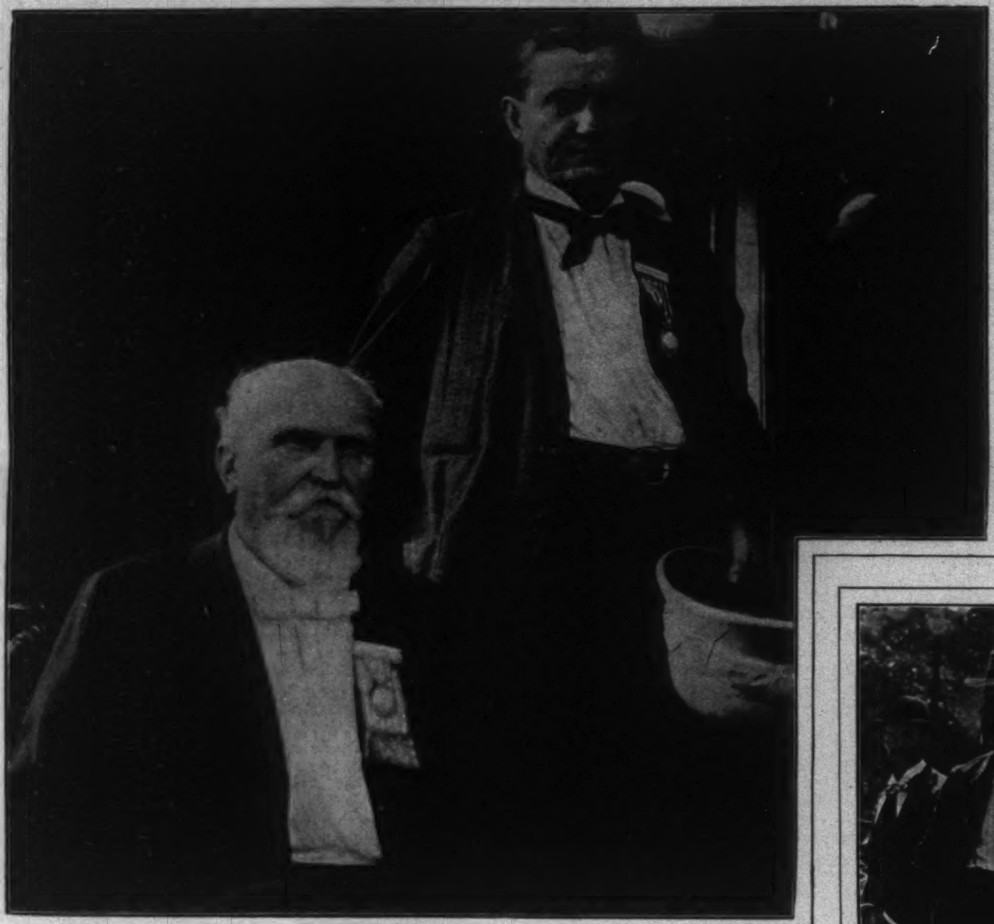
ADLAI E. STEVENSON,

Nominated for Vice-President at the National Democratic Convention, Kansas City, July 6, 1900.

I have refrained from speaking of the demonstration following the nomination of Colonel Bryan for the reason that the plain fact is bound to read like a prejudiced statement. What my personal prejudices are is, of course, of no interest, except that they would lead me to put the case as favorably as possible to the Democratic candidate. The truth is his nomination did not provoke the same amount or kind of enthusiasm that marked the reading of the "paramount issue" plank or the appearance of Hill on the platform. It is an ungracious thing to write, and I hope one cause for the fact is that Colonel Bryan was unfortunate in his selection of chief orator. He was placed in nomination by W. D. Oldham, of Nebraska. These Westerners like oratory hot from the heart. One man, Judge Thomas of Colorado, was hissed for speaking from type-written pages; and indeed it is a dreadful thing to let a talker have free access to a type-writer machine before delivering a speech. Oldham was not long-winded like Thomas, but he had worked too long on his nominating speech. It had the odor of the lamp, and was too much wrought out. For instance, when Mr. Oldham wanted to say that Mr. Bryan favored both metals for money, instead of doing so he declared that the colonel favored the "gold that flushed the winged sandals of Hermes and the silver that glitters in the bow of Diana."

Now there were twenty thousand clever people who listened to Mr. Oldham, but some of them may have been a trifle shy on exact knowledge of Hermes to fill out the mental picture, although Diana was reasonably familiar to some, for the first one on Madison Square tower was afterwards set up in Chicago; and again, in concluding his speech, Mr. Oldham, instead of saying that he nominated Colonel Bryan, said it remained for him to "pronounce the name that had been thundered forth from the foot of Bunker Hill and echoed back from Sierras' sunset slope, and that reverberates among the pine-capped, snow-crowned hills of the North, and rises up from the slumbering flower-scented savannas of the South." Had he been less flower-scented, Mr. Oldham would have lit things up more, and then perhaps the demonstration would have been more hearty and less machine-made. However, by the aid of music, flags, marching clubs that had been kept in reserve, and other properties and effects, the riot lasted twenty-seven minutes.

Stevenson's name was received with genuine enthusiasm, that was partly, no doubt, because the ex-Vice-President is very popular with Western Democrats, but it was due in part also to the different kind of oratory used in nominating him. His sponsor reminded the Convention that Stevenson was a Democrat not only before but after election, and could always tell with precision, promptness, and emphasis the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. The twenty thousand roared like Niagara at that. It is a good thing for the whole country that so many Eastern people were compelled to visit Kansas City. The place has been a revelation to them. Instead of the ragged, dirty, disorderly town of its famous boom days, the visitors found a clean, well-paved, solidly built, busy place that took care of the immense crowd so well that no complaint has been heard.



JAMES K. JONES, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE, AND SENATOR BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

J. S. WEEKS, Editor of the Vian, Indian Territory, *Sun*.

RICHARD CROKER.

THE BUST OF BRYAN ON THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM.

W. D. OLDHAM, OF NEBRASKA, WHO NOMINATED BRYAN FOR PRESIDENT.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT KANSAS CITY.

SMART SOCIETY and the BRITISH EMPIRE

By ARNOLD WHITE

As every dead empire was escorted to its doom by a smart society, many republicans hold that there is an inseparable relation between Imperialism and incompetence. The essence of Imperialism is the predominance of the military element. Success in arms requires efficiency in performance and foresight in design. When the influence of riches and of birth first creates a privileged class, and then is used by them in the interests of their nominees, the welfare of the country suffers. This is copy-book commonplace. Poor Richard might have written it. But the taint, such as it is, infects rich republics as well as rich monarchies. When smart society is merely smart and not corrupt no great harm is done. Here and there a fool is preferred to an efficient officer, or a tactless dude to a capable diplomatist. Or the blunders of a favored incompetent in the executive are suppressed, excused, or glossed over by the government of the day. Such things are known to have occurred even in the annals of empires that are also republics. When, however, a large section of society is not only smart but bad then the interests of the country, especially after the accumulated sloth of a long peace, are sacrificed ruthlessly. When Great Britain was merely an island dependent for safety on her navy the influence of smart society was comparatively innocuous so long as the battle-ships and the frigates were kept free of the baneful influence, and efficiency was maintained as the chief qualification of naval officers. When, however, the continued acquisition of territory in the course of the last century and a half brought to the empire full responsibility for thousands of miles of boundary coterminous with the United States, with Russia, Germany, Portugal, France, China, and the Dutch Boers of South Africa, the canker-worm of smart society began to gnaw at the roots of the British Empire. When public affairs go fairly well white men of all races acquiesce in the concentration of privilege in a few hands, since it is inevitable that real power can belong only to a small caste. Critics may grumble, moralists condemn, and preachers point a moral on the inequality of fortune, but the privileged classes, especially in the old monarchies, sit secure in the seats of the mighty. In times of stress, struggle, and national peril the privileged classes, if not equally secure, are at all events safe from molestation at the hands of the millions if they can sustain their claim to privilege by the title of efficiency. When efficiency is glaringly absent privilege is menaced. This is what is happening in the British Empire. The ridicule of our enemies and the pity of our foreign friends for the humiliations suffered during the Boer war are not due to the action of any public department or section of a department which has thrown open its doors on equal terms to all applicants for employment who are duly qualified. The commissariat arrangements are admitted on all sides to have been excellently well done. The army medical staff is beyond praise. The transport department and the army service corps, if not beyond criticism, have been organized and administered in the field with address, rapidity, and satisfaction. The private soldiers, in Buller's word, are "splendid." The courage and devotion of the company officers are beyond praise. There has been no failure in connection with any branch of the administration open to the public where employment is not monopolized by the privileged, and no social status is conferred by employment therein.

The Men are Splendid.

Scandal and break-down have proceeded entirely from the departments where the staff is recruited wholly from a small caste. The worst offender is the Foreign Office. Among merchants and with Colonists in England it is a byword. Diplomatic successes are few, failures numerous and complete. Blackmail to the strong, cringing to the insistent, bullying the weak, and red-tape are its characteristics. Its best men have been brought in from outside. Lord Pauncefote, to wit; Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in Spain; Sir Ernest Satow in Japan; Sir Mortimer Durand in Persia; Sir Arthur Nicolson in Tangier; and Sir Claude MacDonald in Peking are men occupying those posts in the empire requiring the greatest ability. They have all been brought in from outside. The diplomatic service includes 145 members. Forty-two of them have received titles or distinctions for benefits they are supposed to have conferred on their country. The remainder, most of them young men, are without public distinctions. If the 2315 officers of the British naval service were decorated in the same proportion the names of no less than 771 of the salt of the earth would be included in the list of birthday honors to be published on May 24. This is a significant example of the success with which smart society has captured and fortified a desirable kopje from which to snipe the public.

Hitherto fitness and efficiency have been the main qualifications for employment in the British navy from the top to the bottom of the service. There are ominous signs that smart society has begun to meddle with the navy. It would be both invidious and needless to give instances, but in the Mediterranean Squadron, on Lord Roberts's staff in South Africa, and in the Channel Fleet there are conspicuous examples of preferential employment due to the interference of smart society which would not discredit the War Office itself.

The cavalry and the higher military appointments have so long been treated as preserves of the "upper" classes that the result is that the British army in its higher branches is first a great social machine, and only a fighting machine when war breaks out. The Queen's uniform, compulsory on the private and the non-commissioned officer, instead of being regarded as a source of pride is considered "bad form" by the officer off duty. The Germans, who take life seriously, and whose national existence requires them to treat their army as a fighting machine (though German officers belong exclusively to the higher social ranks), do not thus regard the question of uniform. The British cavalry is the stronghold of society. Gallant and indomitable as ever, it is not brainy, and has not been successful in the present war. In intellect the British cavalry is defective. The first engagement in Natal opened with the capture of a couple of squadrons. General French, it is true, the one general who has made no mistakes, is a cavalry officer, but he emerged not because the system of privilege is good, but in spite of it. As a matter of fact his appointment was strongly resented by a powerful section of smart society. A British cavalry officer is required to possess from £500 to £700 a year of private means. This fact alone cuts out of employment the sons of the poor gentlemen of old families and lean acres, who are the backbone of the country and the only men who will save us when the struggle is for life or death. The consequence is that the cavalry is filled not with the well born, but with men who are rich. Occasionally it happens that rich men are also efficient, but they receive their commissions not because they are efficient, but because they are wealthy. Sometimes, too, the opulent tradesmen's sons in the cavalry are both rich and efficient. That some of these have the right spirit the following will show: A rich and very keen young soldier, the son of a tradesman, joined a smart cavalry regiment. He was asked by a supercilious subaltern whether it was true that his father was a tradesman. "Yes," was the reply, "he is in trade." "Then it is a pity," said his interlocutor, "that he did not bring you up as a tradesman." "Well," said the other, "may I ask what your father is?" "A gentleman," said this scion of smart society. "Then it is a pity that your father did not bring you up as a gentleman."

The real progress of a people is determined not by their affluence, but by their character. The present Prime Minister of England, notwithstanding his stainless character and powerful intellect, is a tired old man. He has interfered less with the affairs of Departments of State than any Premier of the century. The business of the Foreign Office and his duties as First Minister of the Crown, which cannot be delegated to others, absorb all his energies and leave him no time for general supervision, which was regarded by Sir Robert Peel as one of the principal duties of the Premier. One of the consequences of Lord Salisbury's preoccupation has been a deterioration of the standard for which public honors are conferred. The bestowal of titles has been so mismanaged during the last decade that refusals of a proffered honor by people who respect themselves are no longer uncommon.

A Misfit Decoration.

During the present year one eminent servant to whom promotion in the Order of the Bath will come in the ordinary course of things has informed me of his intention to refuse it as a protest against the existing state of affairs. The trouble arises mainly from rewarding the merely importunate seeker for honors with the same distinctions as those conferred upon men who have served the state. During the past fifteen years over a hundred nobodies have been made peers of Parliament. When Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener received their coronets two things happened. The value of the honor was diluted for them by the fact that it was also given to certain wealthy nobodies, who gave the Prime Minister no peace until their daughters were enabled to embroider the coronet upon their pocket-handkerchiefs, while, on the other hand, the new peers in question were greatly benefited by the presence of eminent servants of the state in the House of Lords.

The invention of baronetcies by James I. was undertaken with the view of replenishing a lean exchequer. Although baronetcies are no longer openly bought, their sale by more occult means is not unknown. During the Hooley revelations it came out that Mr. Hooley had deposited a check for a large amount with one of her Majesty's ministers; that this check remained uncashed for some weeks; and that it was only when her Majesty the Queen had declined to confer upon the company-monger, Hooley, the dignity of a baronetcy that the money was returned. Public honors given for public services appeal to two of the most powerful instincts of humanity—the desire to shine, and the justice of requiting good service. The adulteration of state honors by mingling worthy recipients with the worthless or importunate is a work of smart society which has done something for the deterioration of the British Empire by substantiating the charge of snobbery which is brought against the subjects of the Queen. The desire for unearned honors is an instance of corruption that cannot be explained away by its existence on a large scale. Of this the Parliamentary whips, of all people, have intimate and peculiar knowledge.

One of the most telling proofs of the influence of smart society on British administration is the fact that nowadays only the humbler ranks of the service are blamed. Resignations of ministers or highly placed public servants by reason of incapacity are never heard of. The mere idea of impeaching an incapable minister or punishing a stupid but highly placed public servant is never entertained. There is far less public spirit to-day than in 1806, when the First Lord of the Admiralty was arraigned by impeachment. To-day impeachment is as obsolete as trial for witchcraft, though it still remains the only means of bringing to book incapable ministers. After Admiral Byng, in 1757, was shot on his own quarter-deck in Portsmouth Harbor, the Naval Service took the hint and became efficient. To-day nobody is hanged, impeached, punished, or even blamed. They are protected by the invisible but potent shield of society. A few weeks ago the Queen's new yacht, which has been built at an enormous cost, suddenly turned turtle in dock. It was found that a mistake had been made in the design. The designer was an eminent personage, and accordingly, the First Lord of the Admiralty came down to the House of Commons and expressed a sympathy with the official in question so profound that but for the fact that he is in society one would have imagined him to be innocent.

When Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener received their Coronets, the Value of the Honor was diluted for them.

BURNING OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S TANKS AT CONSTABLE HOOK, JULY 5, 1900.

TWO DISASTROUS FIRES IN NEW YORK HARBOR

A FIRE which in tragic circumstance and spectacular splendor stands alone in the maritime annals of the port of New York scourged the Hoboken river-front on June 30, destroyed the three great piers of the North German Lloyd company and the adjoining pier of the Thingvalla line, sent four ocean liners and a dozen small craft out into the river all ablaze, spread by its floating firebrands the flames to the New York shore and to Governors Island, reached from the piers to the streets beyond and wiped out the near-by buildings, and when the last spark was quenched, long afterward, left three mighty wrecks, the sepulchres of scores of dead, stranded in a river that has not yet given up the last of its victims. At the time of this writing it seems probable that the loss of life is upward of 150, and the destruction of property will aggregate $7,000,000. The grim and melancholy story of the catastrophe is lightened here and there by instances of steadfast courage and heroic endurance.

Four of the North German Lloyd ships lay at their piers on the afternoon of June 30. That noon another of the line's ships had sailed. It was a little after four o'clock when an employee on Pier 3, which is the most southerly pier of the line, saw that a cotton bale was afire near the middle of the pier. Fanned by a strong southwest wind the flames spread with almost inconceivable rapidity. In the few minutes that it took the company's fire force to begin operations the pier was aflame from end to end. From it were flying masses of cotton in flame, torches of destruction, to the other piers. Across the open stretch of water to the steamship *Saale*, lying on the south side of Pier 2, the fire swept, caught her, and passed to the pier, swept over the pier to the *Bremen* on the other side, leaped from there, aided by the lighters that lay near her, to Pier 1, just touched the magnificent *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* on the south side of that pier, poured like a cataract over the doomed *Main* on the further side, and finally seized upon the Thingvalla line pier. Most of the laden lighters in the docks caught fire and helped to distribute the flames from their inflammable cargoes. At the same time the fire spread inshore.

Thus in twenty minutes four piers and the buildings adjoining them were hopelessly involved in flame, and three liners, streaming fire from stem to stern, floated inert, steamless, and so powerless to make their escape, while the fourth, escaping almost miraculously the full brunt of the flames, was afire in one spot and threatened everywhere.

At that hour of the day the North River is alive with tugs. Instantly upon discovering the fire these sturdy little craft turned their heads to the place and made all speed. In them lay the only hope of the steamships. Most of them made for the great *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, one of the finest ships in the world, and soon she was being towed out into the stream, blazing on her starboard bow. Other tugs went to the aid of the *Saale* and the *Bremen*, but these ships were held to their piers by steel cables, and already these were so hot that no man could handle them. At the imminent peril of their lives the boatmen pushed into the flame and smoke and with axes cut the cables. First the *Saale* and then the *Bremen* moved stern first out into the river, and as they left their piers shrieking women and men rushed across their scorching decks and flung themselves into the water, some of them with their clothing aflame. Some were picked up by the tugs and lighters, some swam to safety, but it is only too probable that more perished than were saved.

Meantime the *Main* was spouting fire from all parts. Before any efforts could be made to save her she was past help. The sun-sails with which she was fitted were like trains of powder. A few tugs hovered about the doomed ship, and picked up people who flung themselves into the water, but none could get near enough for any attempt to draw her away from her pier. Darkness found the *Saale* being towed down the river, and the *Bremen* being dragged up, while the *Kaiser*, now extinguished by the efforts of her crew, lay near the New York shore, and the *Main* flamed as she lay held to her blazing pier by red-hot cables.

As night fell the gathered thousands on the shores and the ferry-boats saw a magnificent and terrible spectacle. Lurid clouds of smoke, struck through now and again with great darts of fire, poured upward from the two floating ships, around which clustered the tugs, advancing, retreating, changing their positions, but always fighting. The stricken district on the Hoboken river-front was a huge area of flames, amidst which the *Main* glowed, a ship of fire. There was flame on the New York shore, too, for a lighter with a load of burning cotton had drifted across and set a pier afire, but that was soon put out. Another lighter had fallen afoul of Governors Island, communicating its blaze to the pier there, and it took Uncle Sam's fire force some hard work to get it out. In mid-stream still other lighters blazed and drifted, now threatening a ferry-boat, now making for a pier, only to be snubbed off by some vigilant tugboat. The river was full of charred fragments and parts of cotton bales, some of them smoking ominously.

Little by little the *Saale* was worked down until she was grounded northeast of Ellis Island. Those on shore, admiring the grandeur of the spectacle, were spared the fearful sights that the tugboat men saw on the *Saale*. Men and women struggled at the port-holes, too small to let them out, and begged those on the boats to save them. Above, the flames shut them from safety; below, there was nothing to hope. Some prayed; some shouted messages for their friends. One poor fellow begged for a drink of water. On a tug a priest stood reciting the prayers for those about to die. As the tide rose the ship settled in the mud. One by one the faces at the port-holes were shut out by the rising water. The flames succumbed, and the *Saale* was a shattered wreck inhabited by the dead.

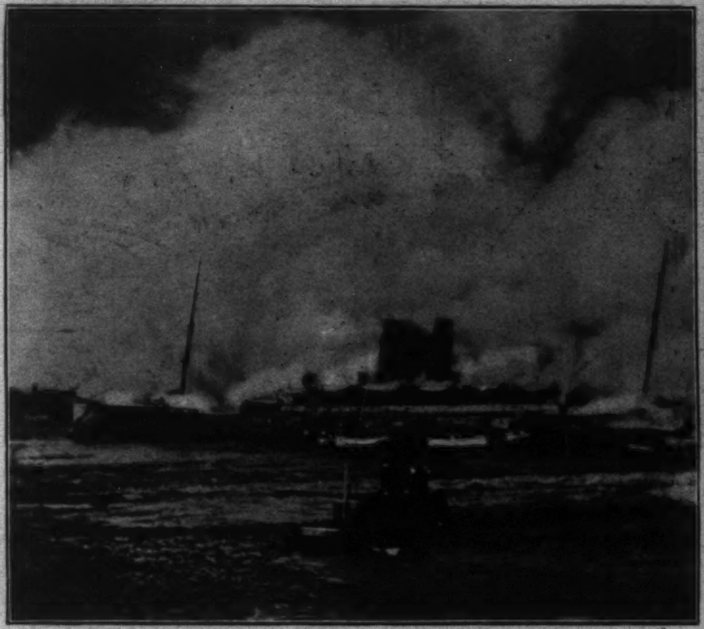
Meantime the *Bremen* was towed up the river and grounded on the Jersey side just below Weehawken. There were faces at her port-holes, too, the faces of seventeen of her men. Brave fellows they were, who made no complaint, but said that if they could get some water and a little food they could hold out. Food and drink were handed up to them. Late that evening they made their way out through a hole cut in the deck where the fire had been fought off.

None too soon were they taken out, for a little later the blazing *Main* took ground just above her and swung down so that she lay only a few yards outside. Two tugboat captains had crept in after the piers were nearly burned away, cut her hawsers, and towed her out, as plucky an achievement as any of the whole fire. Many tugs were around her and the *Bremen*, and in all of them there was not a man who would believe for a moment that any living thing could be aboard the *Main*. Her sides were red hot, and the tugs could hardly get near enough to throw water into her from their hose.

Consequently the men were astounded when, at eleven o'clock that night, they heard a hail from her, and saw a lantern swung at her coal port. Sixteen men came out of that floating furnace into safety, only one of them severely injured. Driven by the fire from place to place, they had taken refuge in the engine-room and the adjoining coal-bunkers. When the smoke threatened them with asphyxiation they stripped off their clothes and stopped up the openings. Not for a moment did they give up hope, and when one part of the ship's side had cooled a little they crawled up through an air-pipe to a ladder, forced the coal-port nut by means of strips of cloth, in lieu of a wrench, and signalled with a petticoat light of the sort used in the bunkers. They were the last of the saved.

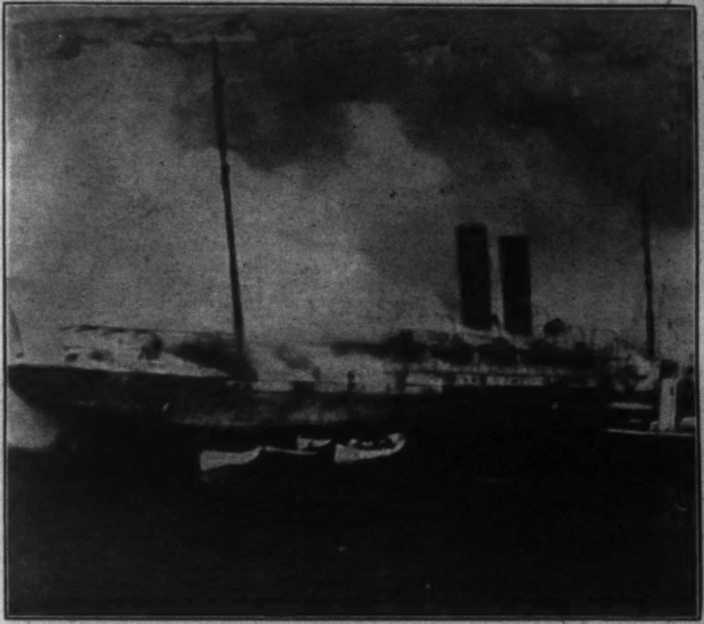
The *Saale* still lies sunken off Ellis Island. The *Bremen* and the *Main* are imbedded in the mud near Weehawken. All three look like men-of-war destroyed in battle. The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* has sailed. Where the North German Lloyd and the Thingvalla line piers stood, ragged and charred stumps jut from the surface of the water. Soon the piers will be built again. They will be of steel.

The other brilliant fire scene that drew thousands of sight-seers out upon the water by night was the burning of the great oil-tanks of the Standard Oil Company at Constable Hook, New Jersey, which began at midnight, Wednesday, July 4, and twenty-four hours later was still in fierce progress. Three tanks were struck by lightning, apparently simultaneously. They exploded and the blazing oil began to creep in all directions. Water poured from hose served only to accelerate the progress of the fiery rivulets. Tank after tank exploded from the heat or from flame passing through pipe connections, until by Thursday night twenty-three had been destroyed. At each explosion a solid column of whirling flame rose far into the sky, to be followed by dense clouds of black smoke that, crossing the bay, overhung the lower end of Long Island like a pall. It was estimated that the loss would be in the neighborhood of two millions of dollars. On Thursday night it seemed probable that the fire would last through the week.



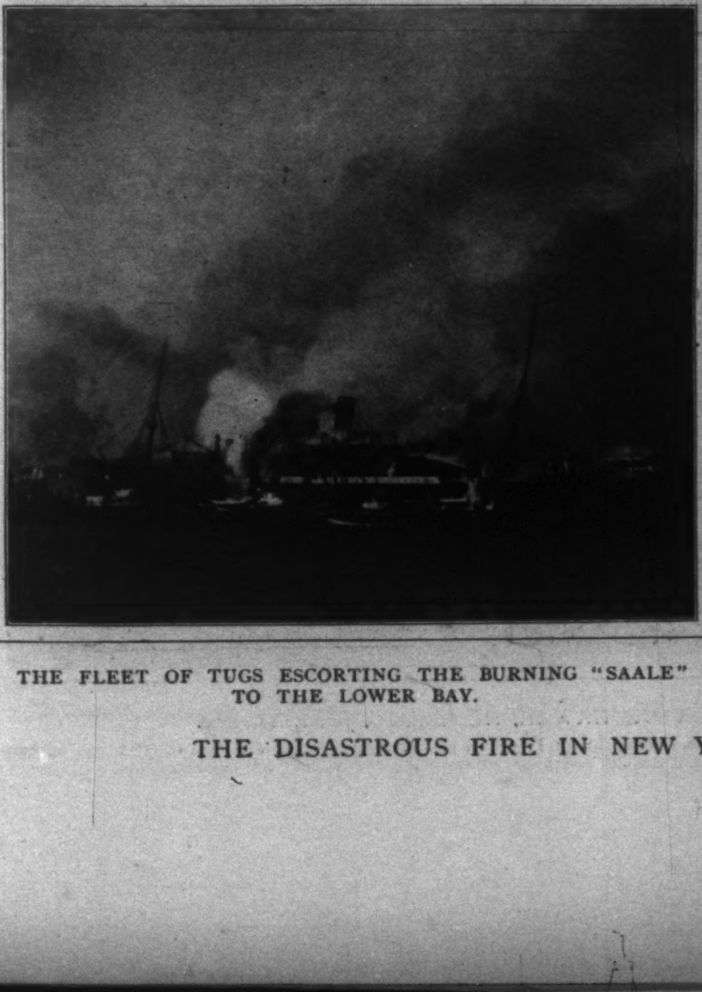
LIFE-BOATS RESCUING PEOPLE FROM THE BURNING "BREMEN."

THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE" BEING TOWED INTO MID-STREAM.

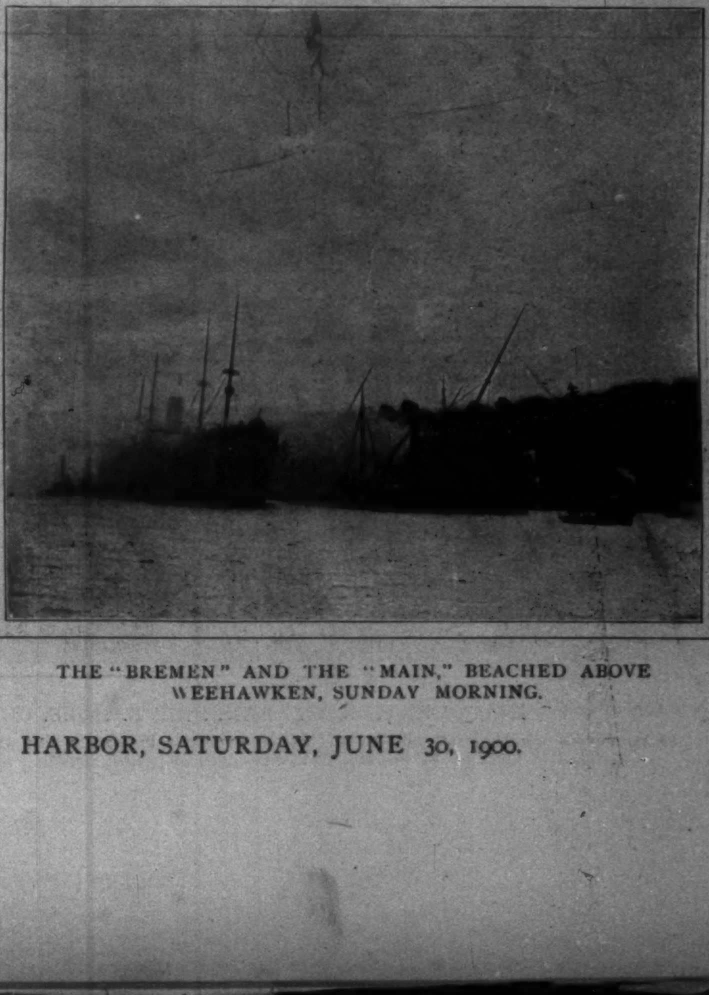


RESCUING THOSE ON BOARD THE "SAALE."
The White Spot near the Stern is a Towel being waved from a Port-hole.

TUGS FORCING THE "BREMEN" AWAY FROM THE NEW YORK SHORE.



THE FLEET OF TUGS ESCORTING THE BURNING "SAALE" TO THE LOWER BAY.



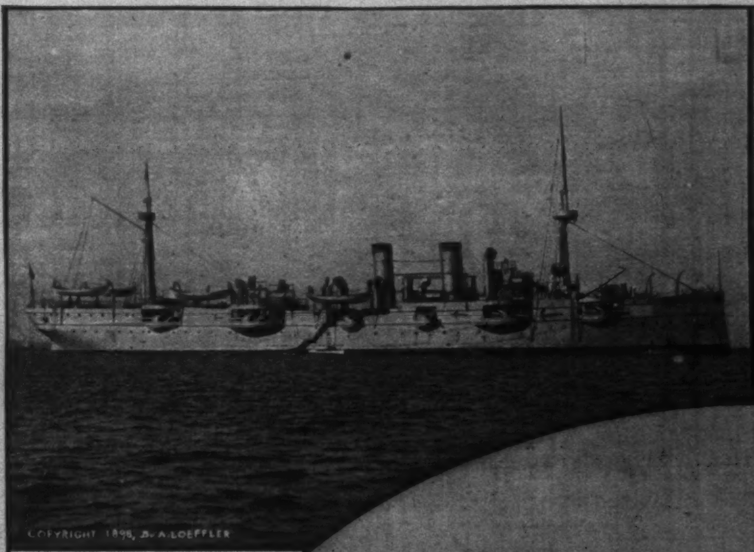
THE "BREMEN" AND THE "MAIN," BEACHED ABOVE WEEHAWKEN, SUNDAY MORNING.

THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN NEW YORK HARBOR, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

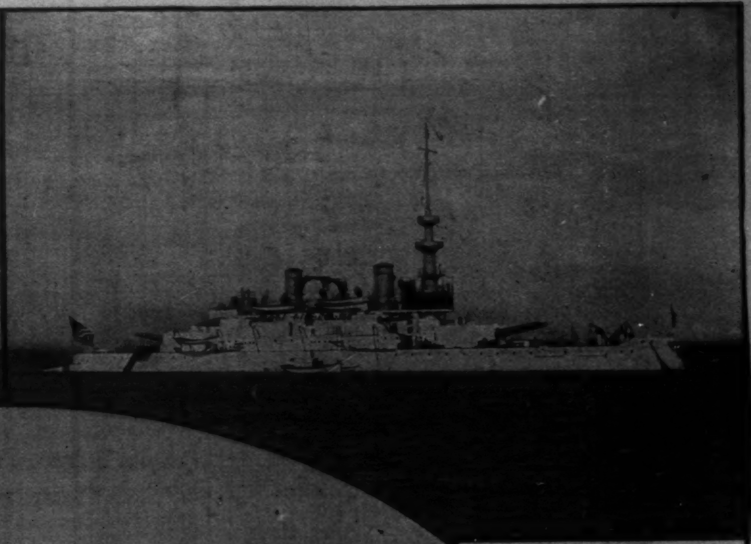
COMMANDERS OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES IN CHINA.

INAUGURATION OF SANFORD B. DOLE, GOVERNOR OF HAWAII, HONOLULU, JUNE 14, 1900.

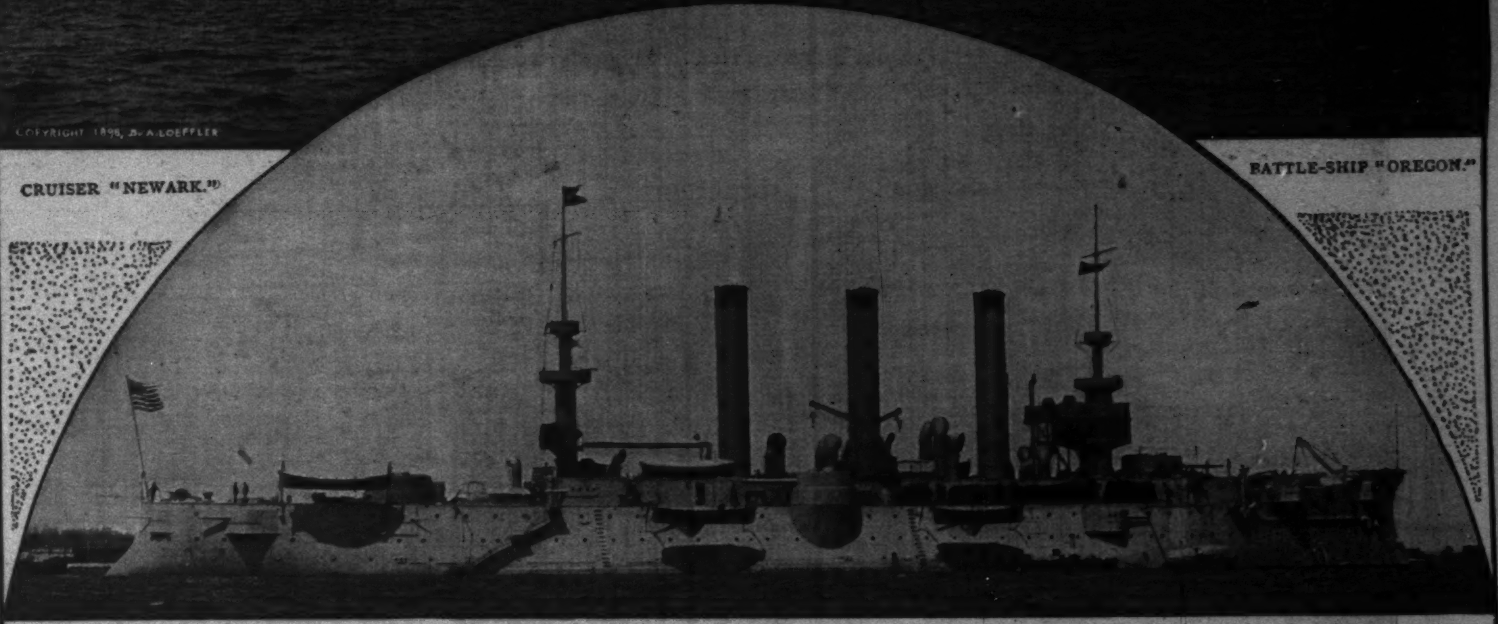
The ceremonies were held at noon in front of the Executive Building, which was elaborately draped with Hawaiian and American flags. The oath of office was administered by Chief-Justice Frear in the presence of a vast crowd of people, including the naval and military authorities of the United States and the Consular Corps.



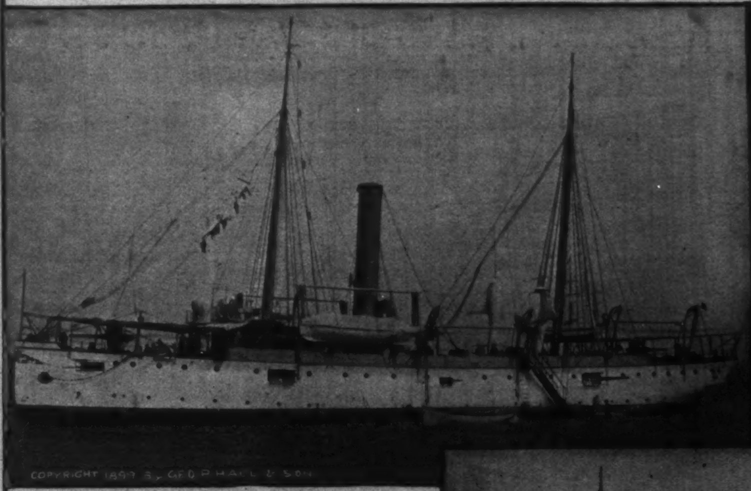
CRUISER "NEWARK."



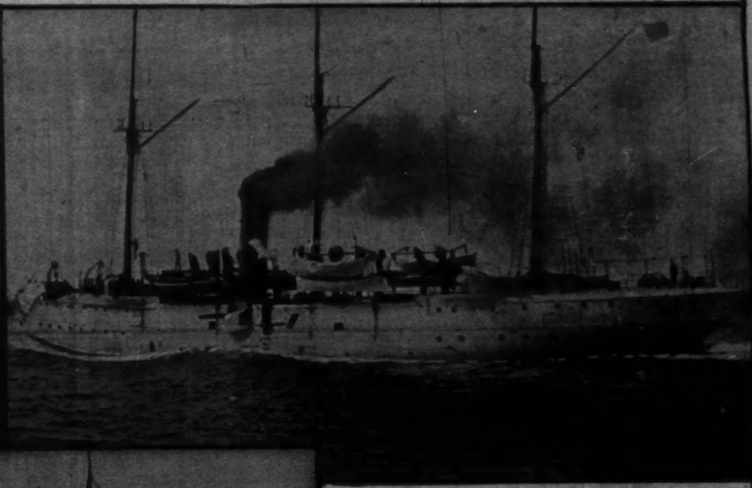
BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON."



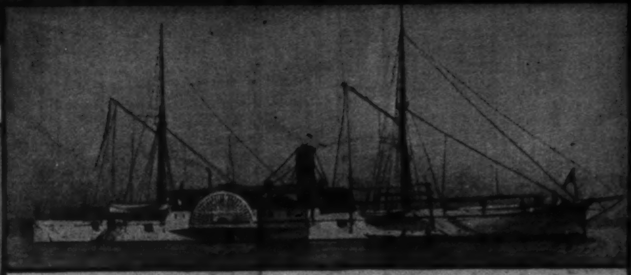
ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN," ADMIRAL REMEY'S FLAG-SHIP.



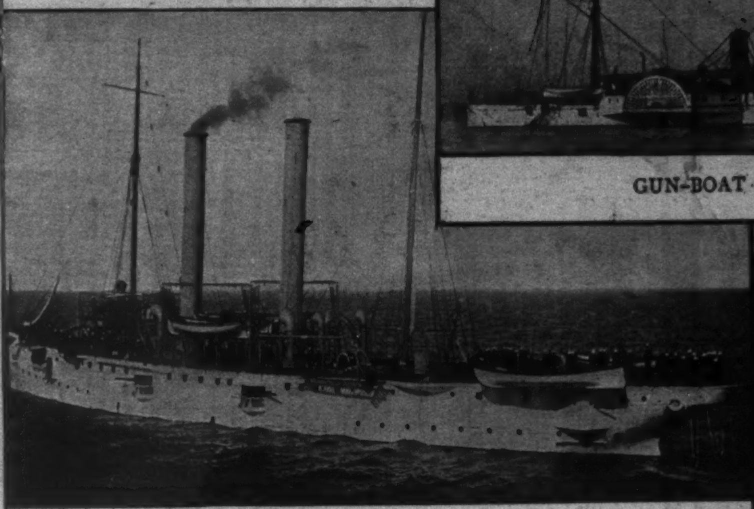
GUN-BOAT "MARIETTA."



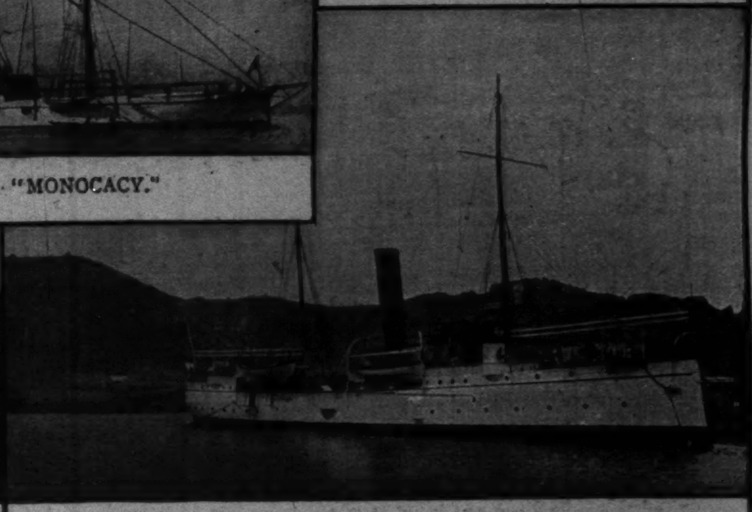
GUN-BOAT "YORKTOWN."



GUN-BOAT "MONOCACY."

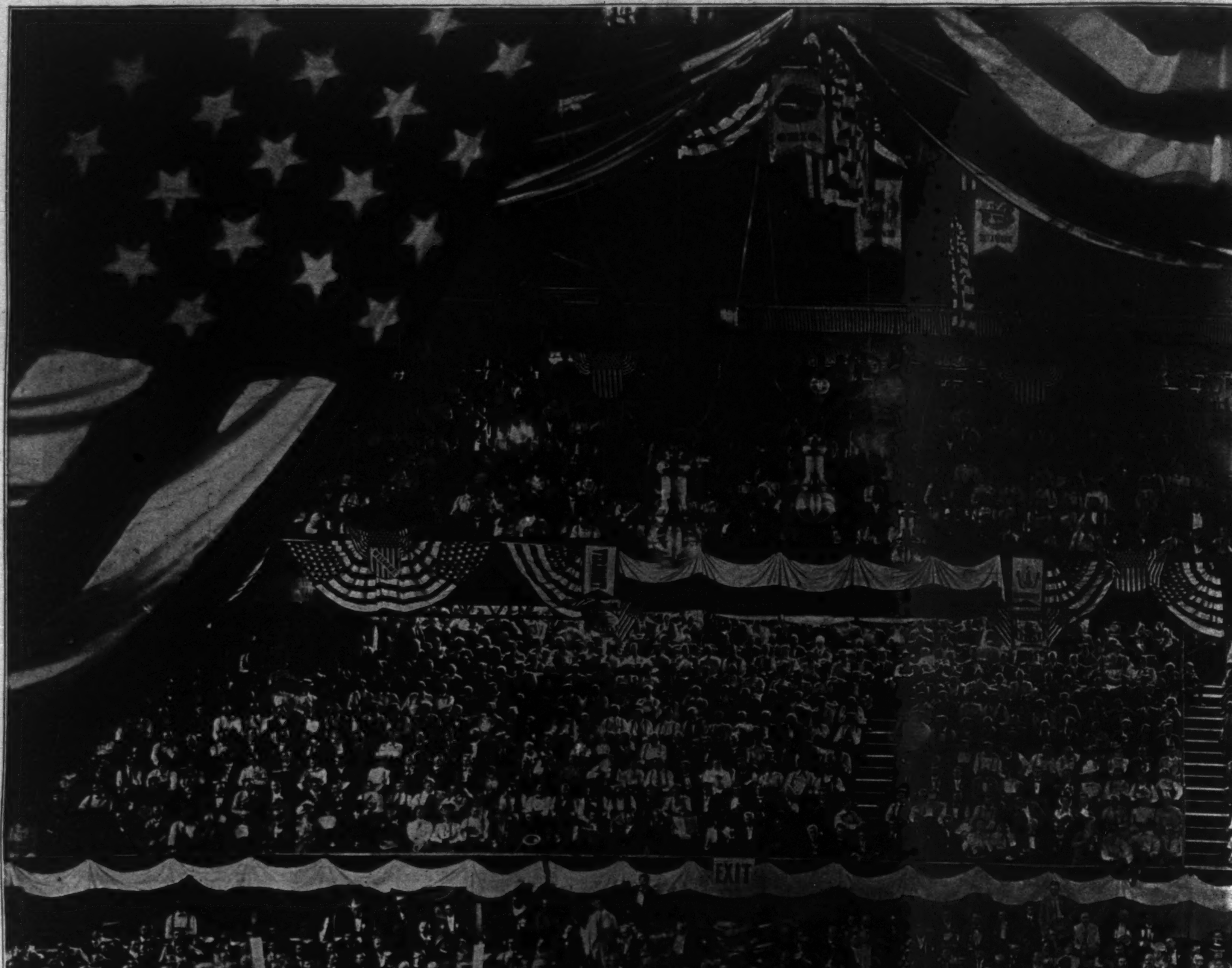


GUN-BOAT "NASHVILLE."



GUN-BOAT "DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA."

THE PRINCIPAL UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS IN CHINESE WATERS.



THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL

ION IN SESSION, KANSAS CITY, JULY 4–6, 1900

CIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.* By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XX

WHAT CAME WITH THE STORM

THE wind, indeed, was falling inch by inch, and the boat made very little progress in the bay. The heavier press of canvas carried on the revenue sloop would tell in the short course they were both pursuing; yet Warburton remembered that Gellibrand knew not the situation of the caves, nor, it may be, of their existence, and was, therefore, likely to make his landing in the tiny harbor and search the homestead.

Away on the level track of grayness loomed the pretty figure of the *Osprey*, seeming still and steady, as if she slept upon the water. Warburton contemplated the chances with a frown. Already the light was growing clearer, and those aboard the revenue boat would soon be able to make out the little skiff.

Already the *Osprey* stood nearer, and the wan light of the approaching sun lay on her sails, so that her spars glistened like silver; but overhead and westward the cast of the sky was livid, leaden, and morose. Over the huge shaking waves of the sea the light began to run, and, even like a tide that races down the low sands the sparkle leaped from wave to wave, and with an incredible swiftness the darkness turned, flying across the face of the water.

The sloop was struck at once into full sight, as by a magic lantern; and from the sloop the boat, four hundred yards away, was as visible as in broad day. A hail sounded across the intervening space, but Warburton, without pause or answer, plied his arms faster; Chloris kept the tiller straight and the prow for the Skittles, among which the sea tossed and sucked audibly scarcely a quarter of a mile beyond them. But presently Warburton stopped in his work.

"The breeze has failed," he said; "she cannot come another yard; but I'll swear she will have her boats out. Mr. Gellibrand is a vigorous young buck."

Warburton nodded in approval, and pulled silently. And soon what he had prophesied came true, for a boat shot out from the flanks of the sloop and flew towards them. Warburton's breath came deeper and with labor as he increased his efforts, for he knew that their only chance was to reach the land before those who would inevitably suspect them and possibly detain them. The whole stretch of the bay was now alight and shining with silver, and in their wake the course of the boat made a black mark, which opened in a gulf of swirling water and bubbled up into placid light again. Warburton's arms felt as though they were being wrenched from their sockets, but he whipped her along, and when the pursuing boat was barely one hundred paces from them, sighed his relief as the nose ground and snarled over the pebbles of the beach.

"Out, Chloris," he cried, and himself setting the example, left the boat high and dry, and disappeared into the bushes that fringed the shore.

"We must make haste," he whispered. "Let 'em pass us somewhere. You must know the island. Where shall we hide?"

She thought for a moment, and then, "I will show you," cried she, and stepping lightly to the fore, made off up the slopes of that wooded sea-front.

Chloris led the way into a fastness of the grove, where among those shadows of early dawn immitigable darkness reigned behind the bracken and the tall junipers. Every moment now brought an access of fresh light and color to the earth, and the detail of the grasses sprang out instant by instant. But here, within these walls of soft green gloom, nothing was visible, and only the breaking sounds of the surf were audible in the stillness.

"Come," said Warburton, after a time, "they must be gone now, and there is no time to lose. The thunder threatens, and the storm will be here in half an hour."

They left their shelter, and began to climb again across the hill.

"'Tis darker," observed Warburton. "The clock is put back by that. They have no chance to catch us."

Yet as he spoke a voice called out of the void of the wood, hailing them. "Is't you, Cave?" said some one. "Faith, I believe I have mislaid myself. Damme, this island's all woods and hills."

Warburton recognized the voice, and would have struck into the darkness about him, but for the immediate appearance of the speaker, who was, moreover, accompanied by several others.

"Who is this?" said Gellibrand, and one thrust a lanthorn forward. "By God, Mr. Warburton! what do you here at this hour? 'Tis a lucky meeting. And—but, by heavens! I did not observe— Rip me, a female!"

"Sir," said Warburton, with dignity, "'tis a lady I am happy to serve. She was benighted in Marlock, and I ventured to offer my services."

"As a gentleman, sir, as a gentleman," said the Lieutenant, promptly, "you could do no less. I envy you the privilege, Mr. Warburton; by God, I do!"

"Sir," said Warburton, angrily, "'tis Miss Carmichael."

The Lieutenant started. "Why," said he, "it is, is it? The deuce! Miss Carmichael, I crave your pardon. My tongue wags on, but I have a soft heart. I am here on my duty, God forgive me. Mr. Warburton, explain me, damme. I would I had Powis here, who is mightily civil and mighty plausible."

"There is no need to explain, sir," answered Warburton, coldly. "No doubt you are here on good reasons, but they have nothing to do with us."

"That is so," assented Gellibrand, with relief. "I ask you to remember that, Miss Carmichael. I am here on a good reason; I must do my duty. Lord! 'tis ridiculous, but I must execute orders. Mr. Powis is gone to visit Sir Stephen, madam; he will entertain him, no doubt, with a cock-and-bull tale, and they will laugh together! 'Tis a queer unfavorable time for a visit, but duty—duty! I hope Sir Stephen will laugh, though he is woke so untimely. Gad, I should laugh myself at such suspicions. But I am mum, Mr. Warburton. Hark ye," he whispered, aside. "Take this precious girl away, and I will tell you something."

Warburton murmured in Chloris's ear, and she withdrew, for he was anxious to know exactly how matters stood between the Lieutenant and himself.

"Damme, a monstrous fine girl," commented Gellibrand, under his breath. "She has took my fancy, but I interfere with no one's play, not I. You are to be congratulated, sir. Yet, perish me, this is an ugly, ridiculous tale. Do you know why I am here? There is some story of smuggling on the island—whence it comes I know not, but this Nicholas Carmichael is involved, a wild fellow. The military are after him. 'Tis all nonsense, I have no doubt, but you see my devilish position. Ugly, is't not? I would not have that handsome girl know of it, but I feel sure I leave her in safe hands."

"Whither do you go?" asked Warburton.

"I am on the road for any port," returned the Lieutenant. "There is a flag-staff, so they tell me. I am set there, while Powis makes search below. It is supposed there is some hiding-place for the contraband; but 'tis damnable nonsense to urge so black an offence against a gentleman and a baronet."

Warburton agreed, and having learned what he wanted, turned to take his departure. But he on his part must now be subjected to curiosity, and Gellibrand not unnaturally desired to know whither he was bound.

"Oh," said Warburton, smoothly, "to the house—to Sir Stephen's house. I must fully discharge my mission; the poor child cannot be left."

"Left!" cried Gellibrand. "Faith, I should think not. 'Twould ask a heart of iron to desert her, whether she wanted it or not," he chuckled. "I would desert no woman—eh, that is, if she were fair, and I had not tired of her," he added, pensively.

It seemed thus that their roads lay together, and, however reluctant, Warburton dared not refuse the offer of company. Yet he was greatly anxious to shake off this fellow, for time was running on and soon it would be too late for his enterprise. He bade the Lieutenant good-by on the earliest opportunity, indicating a path: "That is your way, I believe sir, and mine lies here. I go down; you go up. I wish you luck."

With some few courtesies they parted, Gellibrand pausing to stare after Chloris with unaffected admiration. The growing light increased Warburton's anxiety, for he had no intention of descending into the valley, but waited only till the sailors were out of sight before turning back on his course. This after some time he deemed it prudent to do, and going quickly under the cover of the hollow and bush, succeeded in gaining, with his companion, the landward entrance to the smugglers' cave. Here he came at last to rest.

"You had better wait here, Chloris," said he.

"No, no, I will help you," she protested, eagerly.

"If I strike a light," he whispered, "can you find the torches?"

She whispered back in the affirmative. "But there will be no one here," she added; "'tis unlikely, for the schooner was to sail last night."

She groped her way out into the huge vault, and Warburton's light flared lightly on the darkness. Presently two torches were flaming among the rocks, and Warburton had turned his attention to the barrels of gunpowder which lay stored in great numbers at the back of the cave.

"'Tis very easy," he told Chloris. "We are aided by the very contraband itself. In a little there will be no cave nor brandy, nor any gunpowder for Boney left." He was hard at work, rolling the kegs into suitable position, broaching them and laying his heavy train, and the better part of an hour was so absorbed. By that time the black snake was creeping into the gallery which communicated with the world above.

"Sit down, child, and rest," said Warburton, as they emerged, breathless and clammy, into the cooler air of the open heaven. Above, the light had grown but little in the last hour, for the sky was charged with black and ominous clouds that lay low on the sea, and crept foot by foot upon them. In the distance the thunder muttered sullenly and sparks of fire darted on the horizon. The storm was near at hand. The sweat streamed from Warburton's face, which was black and grimy; tall and stalwart, with bare arms, he looked like Vulcan newly escaped from the prisons of the underworld. Overhead shot a flame of lightning, and down fell the thunder.

"'Tis here," he said, "and 'tis time to finish what was well begun and is well done."

Again the sky all about them glowed with fire, so that the summits of Lynsea were illumined lightly and stood up bare and bold in the prospect. Warburton uttered a cry, which was drowned in the deafening peal that followed, for what he saw in that moment was the flag-staff on the hill, and a body of men moving towards him.

"Up, Chloris, up!" he cried. "The time has come. They are advancing this way, and maybe they have some information." At his word she sprang to her feet, and seizing upon her, he hurried her forth from the grove of junipers, along a track that descended the ridge towards the valley of the homestead.

He set her down, and started swiftly away to the spot in which the granules of powder were aggregated in a tiny heap—the end of the trail, the front and butt of the deadly conduit. He took a pistol from his belt and primed it carefully. From this point on the highland of Lynsea the ocean was visible—westward, spread like an inky carpet, and almost soundless on that still air; the breath of heaven was hot and seething, and the bellies of the heavy clouds drooped in murk towards him. At that moment, as he stood considering his pistol and coolly preparing the last details of his plot, a flight of zigzag flashes gleamed and died above him.

Above and abroad and all about him of a sudden flared a white and horrible fire; its passage was so hot and dazzling as to blind his eyes; a sensation of fascination, mingled with unnatural terror, shuddered through him; he reeled under a stroke, and staggering, cast up his arms as if to ward off a blow from his body—and then in an instant into his ears poured the thunder of a thousand heavens; the earth rocked from edge to edge, quivering like a frightened fawn; then he knew that he was upon his back, his dazed eyes staring upwards, where the dust was lit with livid fires, and spume and smoke, as if belched from hell, rose and assailed the stars.

WARBURTON HURRIED FORWARD.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT MET CHLORIS ON THE THRESHOLD

CHLORIS sat still in her refuge, listening with every sense of her body for news of the mine. The sky rattled about her in thunder, and she bent forward, straining her ears, as if she feared that in these inclement noises she would lose the sound of that imminent explosion. She counted the seconds with her breath, with the indrawing and outgoing of her bosom, and with each halitus she seemed to herself to anticipate what she expected and hear what she feared. But when next the lightning flamed she was aware simultaneously, as it appeared, of an appalling blow that struck the drums of her ears and sent her reeling in her seat. The earth shook as though it were jelly, and the whole face of the sky was obscured and darkened. As she clung to the bushes in terror, these seemed to return from out the open wilderness of sea echoes of that terrible explosion; noises of falling earth rumbled back upon her, and the prospect was covered with dust and sand. Then followed a grave stillness, in which, recovering her memory of what had happened, she rose with a fresh terror—a growing dread for Warburton's safety.

The heavens suddenly opened and the rain streamed down in a sheet, running in waterfalls down the hillside and gathering in pools within the hollows. Chloris ran out of her shelter on fast and trembling feet, into this tumultuous rain. Suddenly she saw him, prone on his back, his eyes to the thunder, and, to her senses, staring, dead and glazed. She stooped and pulled him to her, uttering a cry as a woman that is bereft of her child, and Warburton's eyes unclosed.

"'Tis done," said he, "but 'twas not I—'twas the hand of Providence."

Joyfully she assisted him to rise, and helped him to go slowly inland. She was amazed to find him alive, amazed and amazingly radiant. She cared not a whit for caves or thunder or rain, nor for the officers of the law that were pursuing the vengeance of the law. Yet Warburton recollected them.

When they reached the summit of the hill the flag-staff was still visible, wet and gaunt, and near by a

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

group of huddled men, cowering, as it seemed, under the rocks from the flail of the storm.

"They are safe," said Warburton.

He stood against the full light of the morning under the intolerable deluge, and the eyes of the party went up towards the two. Warburton laughed. "'Tis Gellibrand and his sailors. Let 'em take us if they can," said he, and turned to go downwards, but was arrested by the appearance of a man in his path.

It was the Justice of the Peace, and soaked to the skin, his black hair streaming from its queue, and his hat a mere piece of pulp on his head, but his manner was the same as when he had parted with Warburton several hours before.

"'Tis you, then, Mr. Warburton," he said, without emotion or surprise. "Indeed, I thought I had recognized you from the stoop. You are early astir and in foul weather."

"My business would not wait, sir," answered Warburton, bluntly.

The two men feared each other, resolution in the bearing of one, and a certain gravity stamped upon the other's covert manner.

"I regret, Mr. Warburton, that this lady has been so exposed to such a storm," began Powis. "'Tis most unfortunate."

"Sir, pray pardon us if we must leave you now," said the younger man, abruptly.

"You would leave me?" said Powis, thoughtfully. "You would go down to the house, I suppose? 'Tis to pay a visit to Sir Stephen you are here—you and the lady? That, I regret, was not my mission, which was most distressing. You have heard, maybe, sir, that there is a warrant taken against Mr. Carmichael. It is on that business I am here," and he glanced towards Chloris, who sat veiled in her cloak and shrinking in the shadow.

"I have heard," said Warburton, curtly, for he could not understand to what his companion was coming, and he grew uneasy.

"I came to catch Nicholas Carmichael," went on Mr. Powis, "and I have failed. It seems that he is not here."

Warburton was aware that this studious rehearsal of the position could not be intended for his instruction, and it dawned on him with amazement that it must be aimed at Chloris. What was the magistrate's object? If Chloris had been recognized, why was she not claimed for examination on her letter?

"It would seem ridiculous, sir, that a gentleman of Mr. Carmichael's position should be guilty of breaking the law," he observed, at length.

"It would seem as ridiculous, sir, as if Sir Stephen himself were so charged," replied the Justice.

Warburton gazed on him sharply, and there was a movement under Chloris's cloak; but for a time there was silence between them—a silence which remained until Powis himself resumed, equably enough: "It would seem ridiculous if there were no evidence; but there is much witness to it, I fear."

"What witness is that?" asked Warburton, who would have had him declare himself once and for all time on his intentions.

"Mr. Warburton, you will pardon me," said the Justice, "but there are some matters which go beyond the topics of common folks. Yet this I may tell you, that when many are confederates, not all shall hold a discreet silence. Nay, there may even be one who seeks opportunity to reveal his knowledge."

"There is none, sir, who has done this," said Warburton, sharply, and making what was almost a gesture. "You will remember that, sir—have a care."

Mr. Powis was not discomposed. "I will confess I had my doubts," he said, quietly, "until the last hour."

Warburton was silent, considering, for he now began to doubt if the magistrate's words had been directed at Chloris. "You have had some information?" he inquired, and suddenly remembered the interrupted advance of the sailors towards the cavern. "Some one gave you information recently," he added, quickly.

"True, Mr. Warburton," said Powis, coolly, and moving as if to break off the conversation, "and very soon I shall know the result. Indeed, I doubt not that the news is already in the hands of Mr. Gellibrand, yonder."

A grim look gathered on Warburton's face. "Then I am honored, sir, by your confidence because you deemed me to have an interest in this matter?" he asked. Of a truth he felt very warmly drawn to the magistrate, who had taken these pains, as he now realized, in order to intimate that he could do without Chloris as a witness.

"The interest of one who does us the honor to dwell on our coast for a summer month," rejoined the magistrate politely.

Warburton's face was grimmer than ever; he could already see Sir Stephen and Nicholas delivered over to justice.

"Faith," said he, "I doubt if your mission is not too late."

"What is't you mean?" asked the other, curiously.

"Tut, tut!" said Warburton. "Mr. Gellibrand is a laggard. I would I could have warned him. He is anticipated." Mr. Powis's eyes interrogated him. "There has been a storm, sir," he said.

"I observed it," said the magistrate, dryly. "I have been witness of it at this moment."

"Sir, a storm may damage the face of nature," remarked Warburton.

The magistrate considered deeply. "Mr. Warburton, it is possible that in those cliffs by the Skittles there are caves," he said.

"Were, sir, once," remarked the younger man.

Without changing color or turning of a hair Powis assented the emendation. "As you remark, were; but the change of time, sir, is the achievement of nature, I assume, the convulsion of her forces."

"There was lightning enough," said Warburton.

"True, true; but you remind me of my duty. I must examine this phenomenon. The cavern is gone, you say well, but there remains the witness. 'Tis a pity that nature should so significantly conspire to aid the unlawful, but there remains the witness."

CHLORIS AIMED THE PISTOL AT THE HEAD OF THE OLD SERVANT.

"What witness?" demanded Warburton, boldly and defiantly. The Justice's gaze passed over his face.

"That is my affair, sir, and none of any one else's. But I fear this lady is weary. She is sodden with the rain, and should be taken forthwith to some house."

"This lady, sir, is under my care and guidance," said Warburton.

Mr. Powis bowed. "I am sure that you will protect and guide her well," he said, courteously, and moved away. But Warburton caught him by the arm.

"Whither do you go and for what?" he asked.

"To arrest Nicholas Carmichael for an offence against his Majesty and country," returned the Justice, in a voice of new sternness and authority.

"And Sir Stephen?" exclaimed Warburton, whilst the cloak that hid the woman once more stirred and trembled.

For a moment there was a pause, and then came the Justice's answer. "There is no suspicion rests on Sir Stephen," he said, in a tone which was oddly soft. "We shall not trouble him."

With these words he left and went over the hill, where the day was come stronger and the rain was now abated. Warburton and Chloris resumed their journey to the homestead.

"They have found some traitor," said he. "There is some one who has told of the cave, and your brother's fate is sealed."

"Let him perish," she said, with animation. "He seeks your life," and turning swiftly on him, "Oh, my love," she murmured in agitation, "what am I? I am the sister of assassins. Get you hence."

Warburton laughed. "No shadow of shame shall touch you. What can they prove against Nicholas? I believe that this family will go scot-free. Did you not hear? They will not trouble Sir Stephen."

She made no answer, for in her agile mind floated suspicions, fears, and a shame at his blunt speech, yet he was unable to follow her thoughts. He had set his will to secure the safety of her house, and nothing but that task was in his thoughts. So they came down together from the heights upon the back of the garden.

The interval which had passed in this descent had changed the appearances of the sky and the sea. The heavy wrack had labored away, and with it the sultry air; a cool breeze started out of the west and blew stronger every moment, carrying in its breath the balm and fragrance of the ocean. Below, the park smiled under the soft sun, and the rain upon the green trees mirrored back the rays in a thousand flashes and sparklings; the garden seemed to be lit up with radiance and to tremble with the sunshine. Before the house sang the breeze in the tamarisks, and again below them the sea foamed on the pebbles, as wine foams in the glass. The doors of the house even at that early hour stood open, and the windows were wide to the air; it had the look of some hospitable and untenanted pleasure-house that invited the wayfarer with its silent lures. Chloris quickened her foot and ran down the slope, a creature of redundant vitality even after that long melancholy night. She stood in the gateway, her skirts swaying in the breeze, and the poplars almost rippling in the sunlight.

"Get you in to your home, child," he said. "I must leave you here."

"Leave me?" she echoed in dismay, and then pitifully: "Whither go you? You are not going away!"

"I have myself to take care of," he answered, grimly.

"You *shall* come; you are safe with me." she exclaimed, angrily, and seized his arm. Warburton smiled, and patted her head.

"'Tis a devil," he said, and indulgently obeyed her. The weariness of the night's work bore him down, and he was wet and hungry; the body answered not to the plucking of the spirit. The two stepped across the threshold of the hall.

"They are awake betimes," said Chloris, and raised the hollow music of the gong. There was no answer, but from the cool shadows of the interior ticked forth a slow invisible clock.

"'Tis strange," said she; "they have been disturbed by the storms and are all at sixes and sevens. You are hungry, dear heart, and must be fed."

Again she drummed on the gong, and when the dismal echoes had died away a sound was audible breaking across the miserable and empty silence. It was the clicking of a latch, and a man's face looked out from a chamber at the bottom of the hall.

"Sloan!" called the girl, in a tone of authority. "Where is your wit, Sloan, that you answered not before?"

"Is't yourself, mistress?" asked the man, in an Irish brogue, and stole half-way across the hall, eying Warburton anxiously. He was a thin, elderly, naked-faced fellow with small darting eyes.

"I want some food, Sloan, for this gentleman," commanded Chloris.

Sloan fidgeted upon his legs. "'Tis the master's enemy," he whispered, hoarsely. "Sure, 'tis he that Mr. Nicholas is for to kill."

"Do as I bid," said Chloris, fiercely. "'Tis a gentleman that has done us great service, and honors this house by his presence."

The man retreated with suspicion gleaming out of his rodent face.

"'Tis no easy part to be getting food this morning," he protested, "for the serving-maids is all gone, and there is none about the house but me, Miss Chloris."

"Gone!" said his mistress. "Whither gone, indeed? Is't a small noise and the lights of heaven frightened a houseful?"

"'Twas not that," he replied, and said no more, keeping his glance on Warburton.

"You had a visitor this dawn?" said Chloris, quickly, recalling their encounter with Powis.

"We did that," responded the man-servant. "'Twas a magistrate. He was looking for Mr. Nicholas, but he did not find him; so he went away."

The girl turned on him swiftly with a sharp fire in her eyes. "Who was it told the magistrate of the caves?" she demanded.

The man made no noise, but turned a greenish-white color, stirring helplessly on his feet.

"'Twas you that's the traitor!" she exclaimed, furiously. "'Twas you, Michael Sloan, that betrayed your master's house! Give me a pistol," and she snatched one in a tempest of passion from Warburton's hands, aiming it at the head of the servant, with every feature in her face eloquent of madness. The man cowered and held up his arm as if to ward the shot from his face.

"I am no traitor," he said, piteously. "'Twas no harm that I did."

Warburton stepped forward and with a jerk of his hand sent up the barrel of the pistol, and the report rang out through the hall. Chloris stared, and then put her open hands over her face with a sob. "God forgive me; 'tis not I that should wreak justice on a traitor—not I—not I."

She turned away, and went towards the door out of which Sloan had issued, but unexpectedly the man darted forward and stood before her.

"Not there, not there; ye shall not go in there, Mistress Chloris," he shivered.

"Stand aside," said the girl, stamping her foot.

"For love of the Holy Mother!" pleaded Sloan. "'Tis not for you, honey."

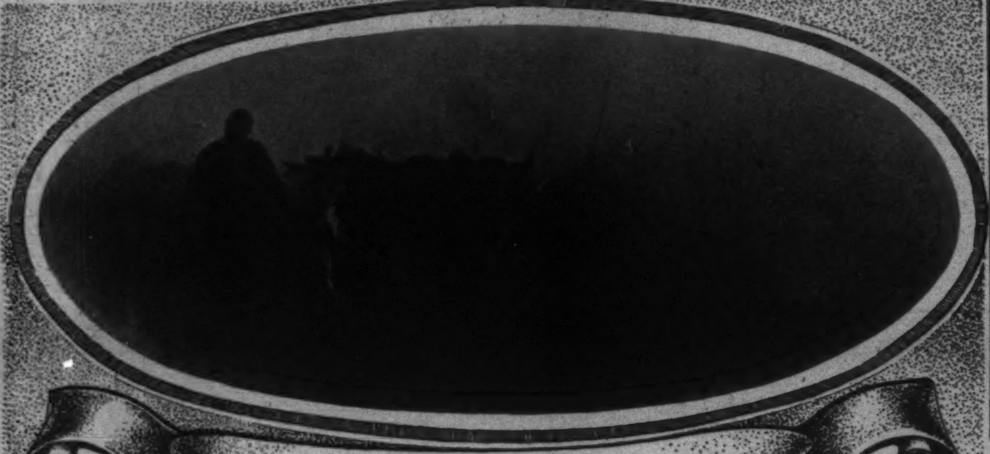
Chloris brushed past him and pushed the door open. The room was the library, in which Sir Stephen Carmichael had been wont to sit, and here he sat for the last time, his face turned to the wall, blind eyes upon vacancy, and every member of his body still and rigid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Advance on Pretoria

I.—From BLOEMFONTEIN to the VET RIVER

Colonel Knight



General Hutton

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

FROM March 12, when Lord Roberts's column entered Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State (after a fearful march across country from Paardeburg on half-rations, and with horses dying by the thousands), until May 1, the gathering forces remained inert, so far as the great outside watching public was concerned. No doubt those who remained at home in England, and anxiously searched the papers each day for war news, have asked one another why Roberts and his large army did not move on toward Pretoria, and perhaps they have restlessly criticised the slowness with which the commanding general advanced the English army on its errand of crushing the belligerent Boer.

The most hypercritical military students in the field have, however, nothing but praise for the celerity with which the stupendous army problem has been handled. It should be remembered that a week is but a day when attempting to outfit and move a great army, needing twenty thousand new horses, an army which must have heavier clothing against the winter winds of the veldt, thousands more wagons, quantities of quartermaster's supplies, thousands of tons of structural iron for railroad bridges, and an indefinite number of other materials.

Worst of all, it is an army of a hundred thousand men, who must have food every day. It is a herculean task, for every pound of food must be brought thousands of miles by water-transport, and this is a simple matter as compared with the difficulties of moving it forward to the base of supplies at Bloemfontein, over eight hundred miles of single-track railway.

When Lord Roberts started his army northward it was a May day, and the spring flowers peeped forth in British dells; but not so in the Free State. A little column of men crawled from beneath their blankets and shivered, as the dark, cold air of morning blew searchingly upon them. It was only a handful—a few thousand men—who started onward in the faint dawn of a cloudless sky, but, like a bursting dam, it trickled in drops, then flowed as a rivulet, and finally swept as a wave-wall of moving men, twenty miles wide, toward Kroonstad.

It is impossible, unless one is making dry history obtained from headquarters' office, in terse sentences, to attempt to handle in detail the movements of a great campaign like this. The writer in the field sees not even the advance or engagements of a single division, let alone those of half a dozen such divisions. He knows that, ten miles to the right, General So-and-so is advancing with infantry, and that, to his left, another general with mounted rifles is moving and keeping contact by heliographs which flash from every kopje. He hears, far on one side, the artillery booming, and sees now and again the tiny cloud-puff of high bursting shrapnel, and at night he is told that an artillery duel has taken place between that column and the Boers, and a dozen British soldiers lie dead and buried around the spot where a Boer shell disabled their gun, but it is only an incident, barely impressing the mind, for did not the real battle take place in his immediate front, where he ran from flying shells and saw men double-quick to the front under the rain of steel bullets; and was not the roar of conflict in his ears, louder and louder as the battle developed? It was his fight and the only actual combat of the day, and thus every soldier feels who was within his sight; so this writer feels, and will describe what he vividly witnesses with greater emphasis than can be placed upon events as thrilling occurring many miles away.

Two correspondents—twenty-four hours behind the Colonial troops under General Hutton, who had orders to proceed to Brakpan, a farm northwest of the Modder River—drove northward over the hard, white roads of the veldt, with the intention of picking up this column on the left wing, where the Boers might be expected to fight by annoying the British flank.

The Glen was the first objective point, fifteen miles north on the railroad, which had been, for several weeks, the most advanced point of British troops above Bloemfontein. Long lines of convoys filled the wagon-road, and over the open veldt, in quarter-column, marched General Pole-Carew's Brigade of foot-guards. At the Glen, the railroad bridge has been blown up by the Boers. Urged by the howls of Kafir drivers, and the sharp cracking of thirty feet of raw-hide lash, fourteen span of oxen drag the big four-point-sevens of H.M.S. *Doris*. The men hang on to the forward truck, which the lurching line of oxen has cramped until a wheel is two feet in the air. Once into the creek-bed, the real trouble begins. A hundred feet of yoked cattle trying to pull up a stiff incline of wetted slippery rock is a sight to be remembered. With a score of yelling, shrieking black drivers furiously lashing the cattle, they force the animals upward. The leaders strain and plunge, and a dozen go down on their knees together, rise and try again, and then, maddened by the stinging whips, turn about into a jumble of moving horns and clanking chains. It takes fifteen minutes to straighten them out, and two hundred soldiers with drag ropes from the axles are called on to give added draught.

"Take any road north of the Modder, and follow the river until the road leads off to Brakpan." So the order to the troops reads, and so the correspondents tried to do, by the aid of the very good military map compiled for the service, but the compilers had, on paper, only about half the roads which actually criss-cross a rolling country, where the topographic features have an amazing sameness, and every kopje looks just like the last one, so they were lost for thirty-six hours on the veldt.

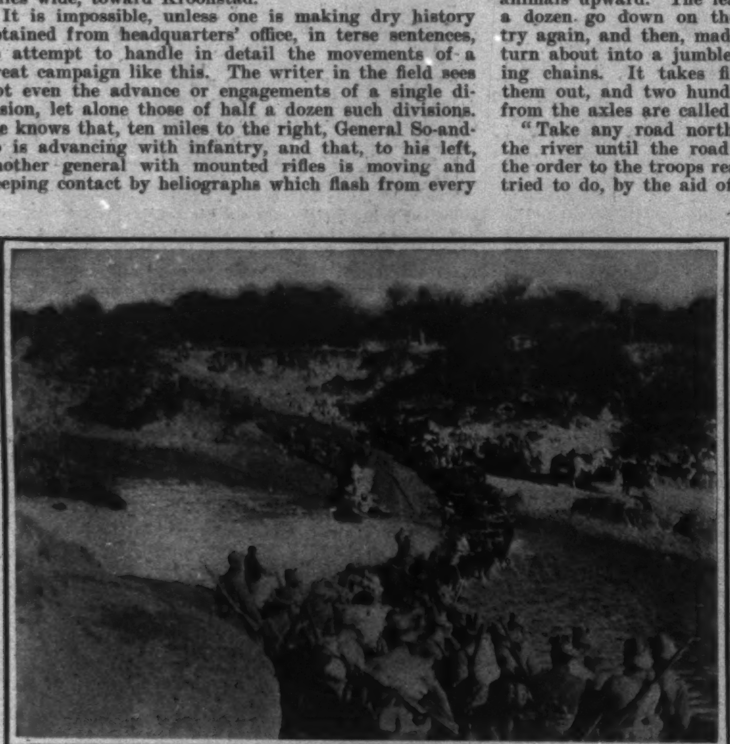
Not daring to go near any farm-house, for fear of capture during the night, they drove off over the deserted land and made a dry camp, eating a cold supper, by the light of a candle, in a tightly closed brown shelter-tent.

Dogs bayed dismally at the moon, and during the night men on horseback rode by slowly, outlined against the sky on the crest of the next ridge—Boer scouts, no doubt. As daybreak came, clear and cold, they inspanned, and after another twelve hours of torture, suddenly found Brakpan, a great sheet of brackish water lying in a basin-shaped valley. The empty shining tin hardtack-cases, and cans which once held "bully beef," and the scattered downy feathers of a hundred geese come to grief, told the story of a British camp, but the troops had moved—inquiry revealed on Brandfort. There was nothing for it but to post back toward the British troops, for now the correspondents were twenty-five miles from any British soldiers, out in the Boer country. Two Boer scouts, unarmed—as is their method of watching the enemy—were held up and asked to show passes, but they innocently begged off on the plea of being too old to fight. Into Brandfort the next day the tired correspondents went without seeing a soldier until actually in the town, where they learned that General Hutton's brigade was again on the march, moving out to the left and toward a crossing on the Vet River. Brandfort had been easily taken in an hour's skirmish.

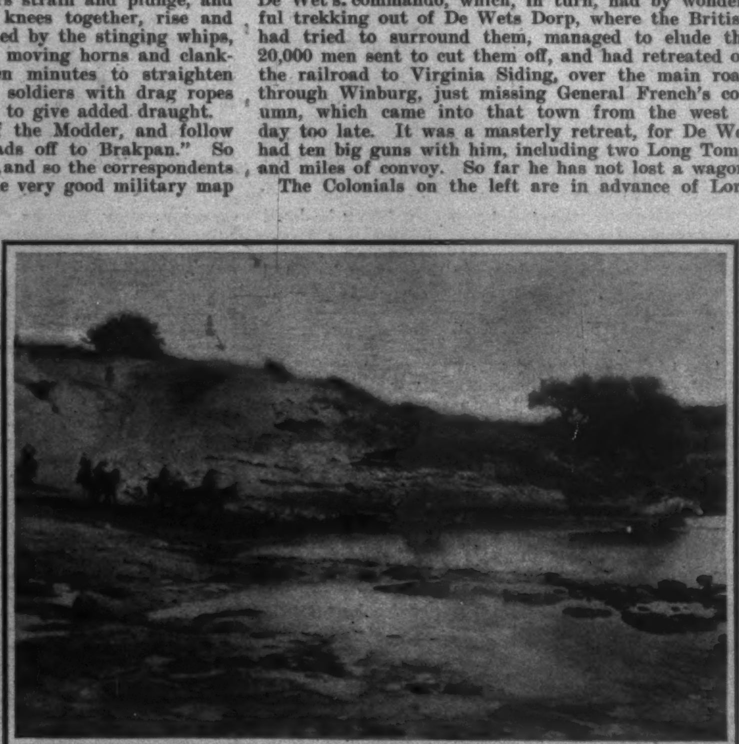
The brigade was finally overtaken a few miles from the river, and now begins the battle, or rather the rear-guard fight, of May 5.

It seems that the Boer general, Del Rey, had with him across the railroad at the Vet River a commando several thousand strong, which was to oppose the enemy's crossing as long as possible, to protect De Wet's commando, which, in turn, had by wonderful trekking out of De Wets Dorp, where the British had tried to surround them, managed to elude the 20,000 men sent to cut them off, and had retreated on the railroad to Virginia Siding, over the main road through Winburg, just missing General French's column, which came into that town from the west a day too late. It was a masterly retreat, for De Wet had ten big guns with him, including two Long Toms, and miles of convoy. So far he has not lost a wagon.

The Colonials on the left are in advance of Lord



THE NAVAL BRIGADE CROSSING THE RIVER.



THE ROAD DOWN WHICH THE COLONIALS CHARGED THE BOERS.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE OVER THE GLEN DRIFT.

THE MULE-WAGONS COMING INTO BRANDFORT.

Roberts's centre column, and have come in sight of the Vet River. Far in the foreground, the mounted scouts are scouring the country; so far away they are tiny specks, now lost in a dip of the land, now standing silhouetted against the sky.

"General Hutton presents his compliments, sir, and desires that the New South Wales Mounted Infantry will move up steadily and quietly, before getting under fire," the aide who has galloped up to Colonel Knight remarks nonchalantly. "Under fire! where is the enemy?", and a suppressed murmur runs through the men prostrate on the ground beside their horses. There is a rustling of clothing as men reset their belts and shift their ammunition bandoliers into secure positions across the shoulder.

For over a mile in front the brigade troops come up in separate squadrons, but in solid blocks they rest on the crest of the rise. Far from the right comes General Hutton, followed by his staff, riding like mad, with a pennant-bearer charging in the rear; now he is plunging through a field of stunted Kafir corn, at a full gallop, and then on to the hill at the left, where the Canadians, the New South Wales troops, and the Maxim guns are waiting. He studies the landscape, listens to the small-arms firing below, and watches the withdrawing scouts.

Under orders a squadron of Canadians advance halfway down the sloping open hill-side, dismount, and while the horse-holders stand by the horses, the main body advances on foot, in extended order. Everything is quiet as death except for the restless champing of a few horses, as the thin lines advance, lie down, start again, and have more intervals of rest; four thousand yards are to be traversed. Nothing develops, for the Boer is a cunning fighter and never discloses his position until he thinks he can inflict a serious blow on the enemy. The Canadians go to the scrubby line of trees which fill the river bottom and retire again without a shot being fired at them. Where are the Boers?

Half a mile to the right Major Allison of the Royal Horse Artillery has put his twelve-pound field-guns into action, under the protection of a stony bit of ground. He is firing at a white house this side of the river, at 3500 yards' range.

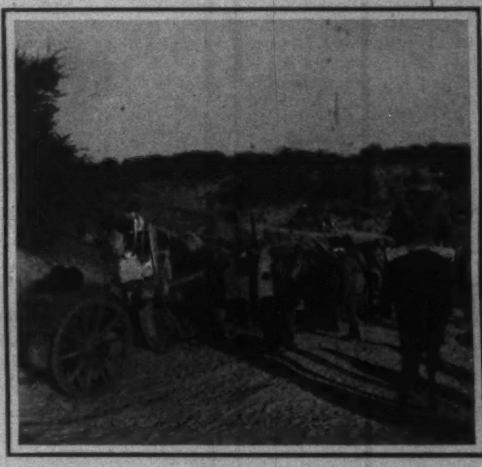
"Look there! Look there! See the Boers!" bursts from the throats of a dozen men with eyes glued to field telescope and glasses. Down the opposite slope of the dusty winding road two hundred Boers ride calmly toward the river-bed, in single file and far apart, for the Boer knows well enough never to travel in masses within shell reach. The guns are elevated to their maximum range of four thousand yards—petty things for fighting in this country of magnificent distances—and the shells go zee-ing through the air one after another, creeping each time nearer that snaky line of men. "We've hit 'em!" "See that horse down!" Sure enough it is only a writhing speck, but it is a horse on its back; the rider cannot be seen. A little faster the Boers travel and disappear into the cover of the trees. They will fight from the river-bank.

Now a street-corner general, and one accustomed to the deployed-line fighting of the American army, wonders why a skirmish-line several miles long, with men at ten yards' interval, is not sent down to develop the enemy's position, and, when he is thus forced to disclose his position, why the reserve and support are not thrown in at the flanks or feinted at the centre.

"I have a little work for you," the general remarks to the commanding officer of the New South Wales regiment. "I want you to shove in toward that house" (meaning the white house in our front and on the main road through the spruit or river), "and feel the enemy's position. Nothing serious can happen, for you are under the cover of our guns."

The galloping Maxims are going in on the left, and a Canadian, who has a Colt's automatic and believes he can take the whole Boer position with it, is fuming because he has not had a chance to try.

The New South Wales fighting formation is all that could be desired. A single thin line of mounted



THE NAVAL GUN GOING THROUGH THE DRIFT.

men, with large intervals, is followed, at long spaces, by other lines—a most difficult target to hit. Halfway to the river-bed is a cluster of Kafir houses; the inhabitants clothed in loose-drawn blankets, with naked ivory-black children frighten-eyed clinging to the flowing ends, have fled up the hill-side, and wildly talk with a display of white teeth. The first line is behind this bunch of huts, and bang! goes a Boer piece of artillery, and the shell ploughs up a cloud of dust right behind it. The line melts like wax sidewise on the cabins, and the men lie crouched behind a low bank of rock. Now they are on their feet running onward across the open, and the horses are huddled still behind the wall. Trirr-rr-rr-rr—and still the Maxims shower the ground, viciously kicking up five hundred spurts of dirt. The men are lying flat on their stomachs, yards between each man, but it seems impossible for them to escape this torrent of steel. Again they are on their feet running for the white house—the Maxim trills until the ground is a sieve of spouting dust, and a whole line of Mauser rifles opens on the left. They are in the woods now, shooting for dear life themselves, and another line and still another line of mounted men are going through the same performance, first under bursting shell after shell, and then through the rain of bullets.

Up the hill-sides wildly dashing go Boer horsemen by the dozens, and then by several hundreds—never near together, but moving singly and fast. Far up the hill-sides, several thousand yards out of range, they come down to a slower gait and trot away behind a great kopje. Our shrapnel is flying thick in their direction, but is doing little damage.

The New South Wales have carried the position. They have rushed the river-bank, and down the twenty-foot embankment they pile to find they were flanking and in the rear of Boers firing from the outer river-bank. It was too much for Boer courage, and they made for their horses, tied in every side gulch, and rode for life on the open plain above. Colonel Knight, not content with a handful of men, raced up the opposite side to the road, climbed the near-by kopje, and fired incessantly at the fleeing enemy as they climbed up from the depression below him. The Maxim was out of action. The Colonials had cleared the gun, and twenty New South Wales men raced to lay a hand on it first.

The Boers had gone, except the poor devils who lay silent here and there in the gray dusk of evening, or a few who groaned in the agony of wounds. Miraculously not a British trooper had been killed and the wounds were all slight.

Before the sun went down a tremendous artillery fire began on the right, miles away. It was the Boers shelling Lord Roberts's column on the railway. The duel went on as the sun sank to sleep, and high in the air the glints of fire from big shells, with puffs of white smoke drifting away, dotted the sky and mingled with the blended tints of pink and blue of a cloudless eastern heaven. The Boers had disabled one British gun and killed some brave gunners, but with the darkness the hoarse booming of big-calibre cannons gradually became less and less, and the opposing forces faced each other in silence.

General Hutton's column was crossing the Vet and going into camp up on the hill-sides, a few hours previously held by the enemy. Camp fires sprang up and twinkled like little villages over the shelving slopes. Up from the river floated the sounds of the confused shouting of drivers at laboring cattle, straining on the heavy wagons, as they bumped over the bowlders in the bed of the rapid river.

The soldiers were fast asleep in their greatcoats, not caring, in their fatigue, where the enemy was or what the morrow would bring. The hungry horses, scantily fed for the last two days, pawed uneasily in the long lines, striking fire from the steel picket-pins with their iron shoes, and tugging at their heel-ropes in the vain hope of being fed.

Over the hill-tops, a mile away, ghostly figures of men on horseback rode against the sky-line, lighted by a wan moon. They were the mounted pickets riding their posts, and protecting a soundly sleeping army from sudden surprise.

From Lord Roberts's camp, ten miles away, the flashing signal-lamps were blinking out the following message to General Hutton:

"My hearty congratulations to Mounted Infantry on their excellent day's work. ROBERTS."

ON THE MARCH, *April 6, 1900.*

THE SLOW-MOVING OX-TEAMS, HALF HIDDEN IN CLOUDS OF DUST.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

MR. FREDERICK BANCROFT at the close of his *Life of Seward* (Harpers) says of the Secretary: "The foremost aim of his life was to be supremely great, both in his generation and in history. It is now agreed that he was strongly individual, very influential, fascinating, able, and resourceful; but it was Lincoln that was thoroughly great." Mr. Bancroft, or some one else, speaks of Mr. Seward at the close of his life as disappointed but cheerful. If he was disappointed it could only have been at the providence that at the crisis of his career raised up Lincoln to wield the baton that his own fingers had almost closed over, and left him to play first fiddle in the orchestra. It was pretty hard fortune for any man who aimed to be supremely great to find himself in the same group with Lincoln. That fortune, as we all know, Mr. Seward met like a hero and a patriot, and if he sighed when his public labors were over, he bore whatever disappointment he was conscious of with imperturbable kindliness, and with humor and admirable resignation.

It looks as if he would be a greater figure and better known to the readers of the next quarter-century than to those of that just closing. For one thing he was the original expansionist, and things have come his way so fast these last three years as to make many readers desirous to inform themselves about him and about his views of the destiny and reasonable aspirations of the country. Then, too, there has been such a succession of lives of Lincoln that a fair proportion of grown-up readers have assimilated about all the Lincoln information they can hold, and are ready for collateral biography which will expand and amplify their knowledge of the civil-war period. Moreover, in the lapse of time some excellent books have come to be written in which Mr. Seward appears. One such book is the lately published life of Charles Francis Adams by his son of the same name. Mr. Adams's views of Seward are full of interest, and admiration and criticism enter into them with equal liberality. Mr. Bancroft's book, in two volumes, is the most considerable and important life of Seward which has appeared since Mr. Frederick W. Seward's biography of his father was published in 1877. Much more than any previous biographer Mr. Bancroft attempts to settle Mr. Seward's place in history.

IN a recent extended review of the book in the *Nation*, the reviewer, while in the main warmly commending Mr. Bancroft's work, considered that he exaggerated the influence of Mr. Seward's personal ambition on his actions up to the time of the civil war. Mr. Bancroft makes him out, the *Nation's* critic thought, all politician up to '61, and all patriot-statesman afterwards, and so picturing him does injustice to the earlier part of his career. Let the reader determine for himself whether or not the critic's point is well taken. In American public life nowadays there is no doubt that an aspiring citizen has to learn to be a successful politician before he can get a chance to demonstrate his abilities as a statesman. Where the politician ends and the statesman begins is usually hard to say, but probably most statesmen whose achievements we reverence had some germs of patriotism and virtue in them while they were still merely politicians. Possibly Mr. Bancroft has taken so much pains to avoid the biographer's traditional tendency to become infatuated with his subject that in some cases the effort to preserve a judicial attitude has caused him to lean backwards. Unquestionably he admires Seward and has found him a fascinating study. He says himself that he regards him as one of the most interesting and complex characters in history, who has been so over-praised by some and so over-blamed by others that there is no similarity between the estimates. His aim has been to study Seward for the first time in the light of all the authorities, keeping back no facts, but giving all due weight, and reaching new conclusions, which, in fact, "make Seward appear much greater and more worthy of study than he ever seemed before."

SOME old and good friends of the United States, whose title to protection and succor from our government is better than that of Cuban or Filipino, are in sore distress and threatened with extinction, because they have not been protected in the enjoyment of easements and privileges necessary to their existence. The character and history of the Pima Indians of Arizona are comparatively well known. Whoever knows anything about them knows that they have always been good Indians, friendly and useful to the whites, and their allies years ago in wars against the Apaches. They are of superior character, and very self-respecting, and have lived for a hundred years by agriculture. The newspapers for a month past have reported that they were in trouble because the settlers near them had cut off their water. Mr. Lawrence H. Hamilton, of Phœnix, Arizona, has been to their reservation to find out about them, and writes to the WEEKLY that 2000 of them are starving and destitute, as the result of the encroachments of the whites, and 2000 more are in a condition that is very little better.

Agriculture in the Socaton reservation where they live is entirely dependent on the use of the water of the Salt River for irrigation. But the white settlers above them on the river have diverted its flow so that the water no longer gets down to them. Consequently they have this year only a fifth of a crop of wheat, and are not yet sure of that. Mr. Cook, their missionary, says that two-thirds of their cattle are dead, and that many of the Indians are living on mesquite berries and cactus flour. They are uncomplaining creatures who won't beg, won't steal, and can't go to law, but near them is a tribe of Papagoes, who are less restrained and scrupulous, and who, Mr. Hamilton says, are likely to make plenty of mischief unless they get food. The Papagoes, it seems, usually subsist by farming on shares with the Pimas.

Congress has appropriated a little money ($33,000) for the temporary relief of the Pimas, but not nearly enough to be of any permanent benefit. The only thing that seems likely to help them where they are is the construction of a reservoir by the government. It is proposed to build one near Florence, Arizona, at a cost of $2,000,000, employing Indian labor only. It is for the government engineers to say whether that is a wise plan, but there is no doubt at all of the merits of the Pimas, or that it will be a lamentable disgrace to us and our government if white settlers are permitted to starve them out. Their troubles have been impending for twenty-five years, and repeated warnings have been sent to Washington, but without effectual result. These good Indians ought not to be driven to arms and then killed. Neither should they be suffered to starve. They are entitled to help, and should get it in time.

ADMIRAL JOHN W. PHILIP'S sudden death from heart-disease on June 30, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, has been very widely and heartily lamented. We all knew him as the captain of the *Texas* in the fight off Santiago, who, when the *Oquendo* blew up, checked the cheering of his men. "Don't cheer, boys," he said; "because the poor fellows are dying." Still more widely remembered is his brief exhortation to his men on the deck of his ship that day, after the battle, to offer silent thanks to God. He showed himself that day a kindly man, a pious man, and an exceedingly efficient officer. No ship in the fight gave a better account of herself than the *Texas*.

Admiral Philip was born in New York in 1840, and graduated from the Naval Academy just in time for the civil war. He was appointed midshipman on January 1, 1861, and was actively employed in the coast service for the next four years. He was made a lieutenant in 1862, a commander in 1875, and a captain in 1889. After the Spanish war he was made commodore, and a little later rear-admiral. In 1877 he commanded the Woodruff Scientific Expedition on a trip around the world. He was an officer of many accomplishments, being versed in science and law, an electrician, an engineer, and master of several languages.

READERS of the WEEKLY will have observed with satisfaction and applause that Williams College at its recent Commencement conferred its degree of L.H.D. on Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson. None too often, says the Boston *Transcript*, is a degree so well deserved, and it speaks of Mr. Nelson as "a keen observer and an incisive, vigorous, and fearless writer on the events of the day." All that and more the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY know him to be. Speaking of his connection with the Boston *Post*, the *Transcript* adds: "Not only has his work been characterized by directness and strength, but he has maintained through all his varying labors both a literary and a political conscience which has commanded respect for his judgments and confidence in his opinions."

The same degree of L.H.D. was conferred by the same college on Mr. Hamilton Mabie, of the *Outlook*. He and Mr. Nelson were classmates at Williams.

THE Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, whose annual exercises in Cambridge have been the means of bringing out a great number of memorable orations and some notable poems, got its oration this year from Dr. William Everett, of Quincy. Dr. Everett is an orator, which is not invariably the case with the gentlemen who furnish orations to the Phi Beta Kappa. He had a great deal to say—he always has, and it is always worth hearing—and he found a text in Decatur's cry, "My country, right or wrong." It is not a cry with which he sympathized, and he told why he didn't, and judging from the full report of his discourse in some of the Boston papers he gave the learned brethren full value for their attention. The burden of his communication was that war is not so good a thing as in some quarters it has been cracked up to be, but what he said and the way he imparted it illustrated again how good a plan it is, when you want an oration, to get it from an orator.

Bliss Carmen was the poet that day, and his poem was all in praise of a soldier—of General Lawton. Yet the poem did not clash with the oration. Whatever views any one has had about war, there seem to have been no two opinions about Lawton.

THE collapse of Harding, stroke of the Harvard eight in the race with Yale, has caused a revival of discussion of the expediency of four-mile races for college crews. It is a question that should be thoroughly threshed out by experts, and decided on its merits. There is no reasonable warrant for sticking to four-mile races if the distance is greater than average college oarsmen can cover without harm. The obvious argument in favor of four miles is that crews row out all the strength they have in any race, and that it is the pace that kills, not the distance. But that argument may sound better than it really is. Courtney of Cornell insists that four miles is too far. Moreover, long-distance horse-racing is seldom heard of nowadays, a mile and a furlong, a mile, or less than a mile being the usual distance. Owners of valuable horses will not risk their beasts in feats of endurance which are liable to leave the competing animals useless for racing purposes forever afterwards. It is true enough that it is the pace that kills, but extreme effort long maintained seems more likely to result in lasting impairment of powers and vitality than extreme effort for a shorter period.

Many readers would be glad to know what sort of health American college oarsmen enjoy in later life. The Springfield *Republican* says that an article on that subject is being prepared for one of the magazines. It expects a record of impaired vitality to be shown.

NEWS from China at this writing still comes slowly and in meagre quality. We know a little. We know the German minister was murdered, and that Admiral Seymour's command could effect nothing, and was glad to be helped back to the coast. Now we are dreading what we may hear from Peking, where there are some hundreds of foreigners, including our minister and the other ministers and members of the legations, apparently penned up somewhere, awaiting a rescue which there seems slight chance to effect.

When four hundred million people get fighting among themselves the wise course for all outsiders would seem to be to let them fight. That seems to be the sentiment of our government. We don't want to fight in China, provided we can get our people out alive. But if our friends in Peking are murdered, there will be a different sentiment and doubtless a different story.

THE Agricultural Department at Washington has issued a pamphlet on Farmers' Reading Courses, which tells what has been done by various agricultural colleges in the country to put farmers in the way of studying at home such books and treatises as are likely to be useful to them in their business. The movement seems a useful one, since the average farmer, while not necessarily averse to getting new and profitable ideas about farming, is at loss to know in what books to look for them. The work of directing the professional reading of farmers is now definitely undertaken in at least seven States—by the Pennsylvania State College, the Agricultural College of Michigan, the New Hampshire College of Agriculture (Durham, New Hampshire), the Storrs Agricultural College (Storrs, Connecticut), Cornell University (Ithaca, New York), the West Virginia College of Agriculture (Morgantown, West Virginia), and the South Dakota Agricultural College (Brookings, South Dakota).

These different courses vary somewhat in details of method, but they all minister at very small expense to agriculturists of inquiring mind. Most of them send out printed lessons and conduct regular courses of instruction wherein pupils answer series of questions, and receive a diploma upon completing the course.

JAMES FITZHARRIS and Joseph Mullett, Irish ex-convicts concerned with the Phœnix Park murders, and lately pardoned after serving long sentences, were turned back from our shores as undesirable immigrants, and went back to England on the *Servia* on June 23 much displeased. They averred that the country had become pro-English and illiberal, but that position is weak, for it was certainly not a kindness to England to send her back two persons whom she had signified her willingness to be rid of. The men had no political standing. They had been mixed up in a great crime against Ireland. They were treated simply as persons with a criminal record. That gave just ground to keep them out of the country.

WE want to believe all news from the Philippines that is good, and the report that a select company of Tagal leaders have been putting their minds on General MacArthur's amnesty proclamation is decidedly reassuring as far as it goes, so we are trying to have faith that better times are coming out there. The most difficult preliminary to settle seems to be the status of the friars. The Filipinos clamor for their expulsion, and the American disposition seems on the whole sympathetic with the Filipino desire, but there are clauses in the treaty with Spain that are not to be reconciled with summary expulsion of the friars from the islands. Leaving the fine points of the friar question to the consideration of lawyers like Judge Taft, it seems safe to seize upon the general conclusion that time and events will demonstrate that we are not maintaining an army in the Philippines in order to impose friar rule on the Filipinos.

MR. DOOLEY*

XXIX.—ON PLATFORM-MAKING

"THAT strikes me as a gran' platform," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'm with it fr'm start to finish."

"Sure ye are," said Mr. Dooley, "an' so ye'd be if it begun, 'We denounce Terence Hinnissy iv th' Sixth Ward iv Chicago as a thraitor to his country, an' inimy iv civilization, an' a poor thing.' Ye'd say, 'While there are wan or two things that might be omitted, th' platform as a whole is a statesmanlike docymint, an' wan that appeals to th' intelligince iv American manhood.' That's what ye'd say, an' that's what all th' likes iv ye'd say. An' whin iliction day comes 'roun' th' on'y question ye'll ast ye'ersilf is, 'Am I with Mack or am I with Billy Bryan?' An' accordin'ly ye'll vote.

"'Tis always th' same way an' all platforms is alike. I mind wanst whin I was an alter-nate to th' county con-vintion—'twas whin I was a power in pollytics, an' th' on'y man that cud do annything with th' Bohamian vote—I was settin' here wan night with a pen an' a pot iv ink befure me thryin' to compose th' platform f'r th' nex' day, f'r I was a lithry man in a way, d'ye mind, an' I knew th' la-ads 'd want a few crimps put in th, raypublicans in a ginteel style an' 'd be sure to call on me f'r to do it. Well, I'd got as far down as th' tariff, an' was thryin' f'r to express me opinyon without swearin', whin who shud come in but Lafferty, that was sicrety iv McMahon, that was th' Main Guy in thim days, but afatherward thrun down on account iv him mixin' up between th' Rorkes an' th' Dorseys. Th' Main Guy Down Town said he wudden't have no throuble in th' ward, an' he declared McMahon out. McMahon had too much money annyhow. If he'd kept on, dollar bills 'd have been extinct outside iv his house. But he was a sthrong man in thim days an' much liked.

"Annyhow, Lafferty, that was his sicrety, come in, an' says he, 'What are ye doin' there?' says he. 'Step soft,' says I; 'I am at wurruk,' I says. 'Ye shudden't do lithry wurruk on an empty stomach,' says he. 'I do nawthin' on an empty stomach but eat,' says I. 'I've had me supper,' I says. 'Go 'way,' says I, ''till I finish th' platform,' I says. 'What's th' platform?' says he. 'F'r th' county con-vintion,' says I.

"Well, sir, he set down on a chair, an' I thought th' man was goin' to die right there on th' premises with laughter. 'Whin ye get through with ye'er barkin',' says I, 'I'll throuble ye to tell me what ye may be doin' it f'r,' I says. 'I see nawthin' amusin' here but ye'er prisince,' I says, 'an' that's not a divvle iv a lot funnier thin a wooden leg,' I says, f'r I was mad. Afther awhile he come to, an' says he, 'Ye don't raaly think,' says he, 'that ye'll get a chanct to spring that platform,' he says. 'I do,' says I. 'Why,' he says, 'the platform has been adopted,' he says. 'Whin?' says I. 'Befure ye were born,' says he. 'In th' reign iv Bildad th' first,' says he—he was a larned man, was Lafferty, though a dhrinkin' man. All sicreties iv pollyticians not in office is dhrinkin' men, Hinnissy. 'I've got th' copy iv it here in me pocket,' he says. 'Th' boss give it to me to bring it up to date,' he says. 'They was no sthrike last year an' we've got to put a plank in th' platform or put the prisident iv th' Lumber Shovers' Union on th' county board, an',' he says, 'they ain't room,' he says.

"'Why,' says Lafferty, 'ye ought to know th' histhry iv platforms,' he says. An' he give it to me, an' I'll give it to ye. Years ago, Hinnissy, manny years ago, they was a race between the dimmycrats an' th' raypublicans f'r to see which shud have a choice iv principles. Th' dimmycrats lost. I dinnaw why. Mebbe they stopped to take a dhrink. Annyhow, they lost. Th' raypublicans come up an' they choose th' 'we commind' principles, an' they was nawthin' left f'r th' dimmycrats but th' 'we denounce an' deplores.' I dinnaw how it come about, but th' dimmycrats didn't like th' way th' thing shtud, an' so they fixed it up between thim that whichiver won at th' iliction should commind an' congratulate an' thim that lost shud denounce an' deplore. An' so it's been, on'y th' dimmycrats has had so little chanct f'r to do anything but denounce an' deplore that they've almost lost th' use iv th' other wurruds.

"Mack sets back in Wash'nton an' writes a platform f'r th' comity on risolutions to compose th' week afther. He's got a good job—forty-nine, ninety-two, sixty-six a month—an' 'tis up to him to feel good. 'I—I mean we,' he says, 'congratulate th' counthry on th' matchless statesmanship, onshrinkin' courage, steady devotion to duty and principle iv that gallant an' hon'rable leader, mesilf,' he says to his sicrety. 'Take that,' he says, 'an' elaborate it,' he says. 'Ye'll find a dicthnry on th' shelf near th' dure,' he says, 'if ye don't think I've put what I give ye shtrong enough,' he says. 'I always was,' he says, 'too retirin' f'r me own good,' he says. 'Spin out th' r-rest,' he says, 'to make about six thousan' wurruds,' he says, 'but be sure don't write annything too hot about th' Boer war, or th' Ph'lippeens, or Chiny, or th' tariff, or th' goold question, or our relations with England, or th' civil service,' he says. ''Tis a foolish man,' he says, 'that throws a hunk iv coal fr'm his own window at th' dhriver iv a brick-wagon,' he says.

"But with Billy Bryan 'tis diff'rent. He's out in Lincoln, Neebrasky, far fr'm home, an' he says to himsilf, 'Me throat is hoarse, an' I'll exercise me other fac'lties,' he says. 'I'll write a platform,' he says. An' he sets down to a typewriter an' denounces an' deplores till th' hired man blows th' dinner-horn. Whin he can denounce an' deplore no longer, he views with alarm an' declares with indignation. An' he sinds it down to Kansas City, where th' cot beds comes fr'm."

"Oh, ye're always pitchin' into some wan," said Mr. Hennessy. "I bet ye Willum Jennings Bryan niver see th' platform befure it wint in. He's too good a man."

"He is all iv that," said Mr. Dooley. "But ye bet he knows th' rale platform f'r him is, 'Look at the bad breaks Mack's made,' an' Mack's platform is, 'Ye'd get worse if ye had Billy Bryan.' An' it depinds on whether most iv the voters ar-re tired out or on'y a little tired who's ilicted. All excipt you, Hinnissy. Ye'll vote f'r Bryan?"

"I will," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "d'ye know, I suspicted ye might."

F. P. DUNNE.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

SUMMER FEEDING

FOR infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.—[Adv.]

WITH TELEPHONE SERVICE

At your house you are armed against all emergencies. Message rates make the cost almost inappreciable. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Dey Street.—[Adv.]

COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE has no equal for table use. Keep a few bottles in your ice-chest.—[Adv.]

ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters, is a muscle maker, a health helper. Puts an edge on appetite, takes the edge off all your ills. *Ask for Abbott's.*—[Adv.]

PEOPLE who take DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS in the spring don't suffer from chills nor malaria. —[Adv.]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[Adv.]

BEATING THE RECORD.

IT used to be said of life insurance that "you had to die to win;" but recent years have changed this, and the newer forms of policies combine investment with life insurance. As announced in another column, the Equitable Life Assurance Society has just settled the largest endowment ever paid. This endowment was on the life of a gentleman in Toronto, who was evidently a believer in endowment insurance, as he took out $400,000 worth in various companies. His policy for $100,000 in the Equitable at its maturity was worth $150,847, which, as before said, is the largest payment ever made to a living policy-holder, and makes a strong argument in favor of the form of insurance which makes provision for old age as well as giving protection to the family.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

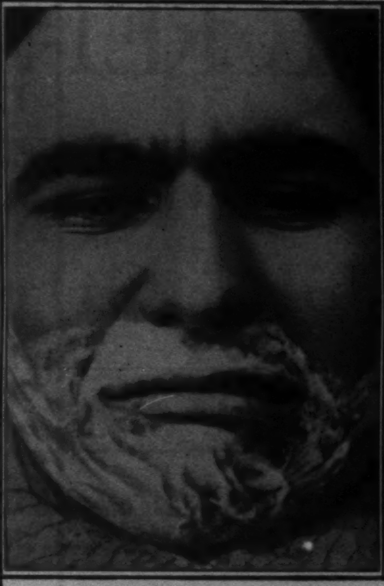
To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap a soap with no free alkali in it.

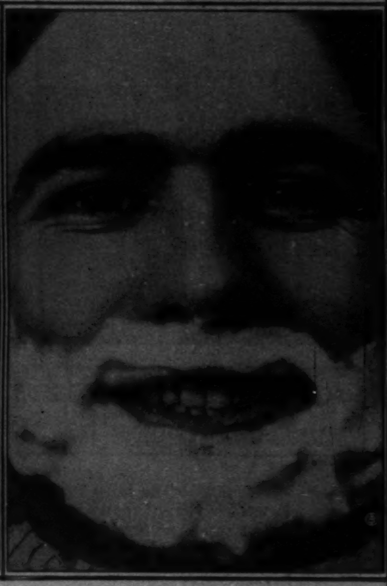
Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.



This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

It DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

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The Smart Set

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SOHMER PIANOS

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Joss House of the Lee Company: Mott St

CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES of NEW YORK CITY

· BY ·

John Gilmer Speed

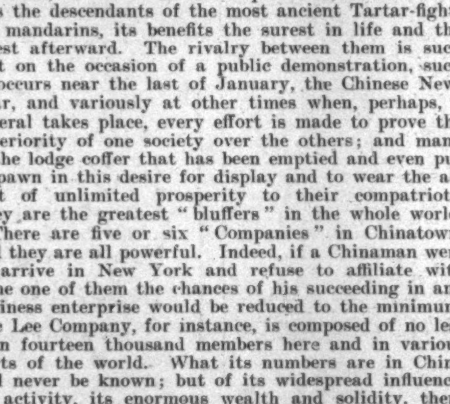
Joss House of the Wau Society: Mott St

NEW YORK is a series of worlds within worlds, like the little ivory spheres which the Chinese so deftly carve. Quite the inner one of these, by far the most conservative, estranged and difficult to penetrate understandingly, is that triangular blotch in the great city's very heart bounded by the rifts of Pell and Mott streets and Chatham Square. If a stone barrier the breadth and height of the walls of Shanghai were built about this district, and the only entrance to this inner world were a "needle's eye," so far as concerns the welfare and the content of the average Chinaman within, such a cutting-off from the world would be a kindness rather than a hardship. So complete is the Celestial's little world, and so all in all to one another are Chinamen in their own haunts, that they can do without the rest of the contiguous motley of foreign colonies, the government, its Constitution, its laws, and its franchises. Insular as a caddis-worm, the Chinaman has enclosed himself in a stone cell, out of which he moves rarely, and never very far. There are Chinamen who would be utterly lost two blocks away from their district, and who, although residents of the quarter for years, know nothing and care nothing for the white-world save that which they gather from occasional glimpses through plate-glass to and from Evergreen Cemetery, where the bodies of many departed Celestials lie till such time as their bones are gathered up to be transported back to the Flowery Kingdom and to be mingled with the dust of the fathers.

The drab monotony of Chinatown contrasts the crushing confusion of the enclosing colonies, with this difference: the inactivity is only apparent. Of the types seen in the open, in flowing *dylow* of many colors, alone or shuffling along in idle converse, none seems ever occupied in mind, body, or estate. Wearing that vague aspect of their own imperturbable Joss, they may break into a mirthless grin, which at once disarms the audacious inquirer into Oriental ways and means, and which hides behind the vacant sluggishness of the ground-hog the sagacity of the weasel. Behind all this tranquil seeming, these burrow-builders labor on with patient steadiness, stoical, secretive, indifferent. Two passions alone ever stir that cryptic bosom: the game and the pipe. In the former is included whatever trade or profession the Chinaman follows, and which, for all his show of stock interests, is but a legalized gaming-board, with all the principles and perils of a well-laid hazard and the shrewd machinations by which the gamester encompasses the unwary. Chance and its passions are essential to the Chinaman's nature. His very Joss is no more than a god of luck. He brings the ethics of toss-penny destiny into the simplest as well as the most momentous affairs of his daily life. John is not a productive being. The Chinese manufacturers in New York are meagre and futile. Business is embodied in the fantan game of Buy and Sell, with no laudable spirit of creation anywhere evident. He will neither produce nor invest in that which brings about production; he leaves that to the barbarians of the surrounding district—the toiling, slaving Continentalist, the sweat-shopper, the Yankee. He is the gambler, the middle-man, to-day a loser, to-morrow a winner, able to pull up stakes within an hour and depart as mysteriously as he came, with the pipe to solace him with the illusions of success in losses, or to lift him into the higher latitudes of utopian content after his gains.

This isolation, this completeness, this remote spirit of the Chinaman in the country of his adoption has only intensified his natural clannishness, magnified his illusions of superiority. In China there are never allowed to meet together more than fourteen people in closed-door conference, for fear of a plot to overthrow an iniquitous despotism; but here the inherent passion for secrecy and seclusion has developed actual establishments of a social, financial, and mutual-benefit nature. There are societies within societies, from the Lee, the Chin, and other "Companies" or Lodges, to the clan orders—the Hauk-yip, Gong-ghou, See-yip, Nuing-Yung, and the Som-Yup—the members being descendants for many hundreds and perhaps even thousands of years from various districts of the province of which Canton is the capital; for in New York the Cantonese prevail, as in other places—Boston, Denver, San Francisco—other Chinamen, speaking quite another dialect, hail from Shanghai, Peking, or other great capitals. In these societies the natural gregariousness of the Celestial finds ample indulgence. Each thinks his own society the greatest on earth, its rites the most profound, its constituents the descendants of the most ancient Tartar-fighting mandarins, its benefits the surest in life and the safest afterward. The rivalry between them is such that on the occasion of a public demonstration, such as occurs near the last of January, the Chinese New-Year, and variously at other times when, perhaps, a funeral takes place, every effort is made to prove the superiority of one society over the others; and many is the lodge coffer that has been emptied and even put in pawn in this desire for display and to wear the aspect of unlimited prosperity to their compatriots. They are the greatest "bluffers" in the whole world.

There are five or six "Companies" in Chinatown, and they are all powerful. Indeed, if a Chinaman were to arrive in New York and refuse to affiliate with some one of them the chances of his succeeding in any business enterprise would be reduced to the minimum. The Lee Company, for instance, is composed of no less than fourteen thousand members here and in various parts of the world. What its numbers are in China will never be known; but of its widespread influence, its activity, its enormous wealth and solidity, there is an abundance of evidence. The Lee Company is in reality a secret society, a financial corporation, a temple of worship, a benefit organization in adversity, and a burial insurance after death; a pawn-shop, bank, and court of justice. If any one of its members wishes to go into business he may find financial help —at usurious rates of interest. The meeting-rooms are in reality a sort of temple-lodge, with the shrine



A FUNERAL IN PELL STREET.

where the ruby lamps, lighted at the great temple altars of Canton, never grow dim. Masses of carved wood overlaid with gold-leaf, variegations of crimson and green, magnificent embroideries, and carved teakwood furniture give this upper chamber in the very heart of the metropolis as Oriental an aspect as the remotest temple of Kwangtung. Here twice a week the members meet in secret council to talk over the affairs of the "Company," the members of which are bound together by more than fraternal ties. The oath is given in blood, and hence there might be said to be a consanguinity of interest which somewhat justifies the proud assertion that they are all "cousins." In further proof of this position, the name Lee or Chin or Sing, whatever company it may be, is interpolated into the name, and Wo-Sah becomes Wo-Lee-Sah, or Wo-Chin-Sah, the family surname being invariably that of the mother.

The resident Chinaman takes no interest in affairs outside his quarter. He asks only to be let alone. If he has a dispute regarding money matters, or something less serious, with another Chinaman, the difference never reaches the "Melican" court of law. It is settled at the next council of the "Company," if the two belong to the same organization, or by the heads of the two companies in question if the conflict involve opposing concerns.

The good effects of these societies are many, although directly against American interests in a way, since they tend to make the Chinaman more insular and conservative, more of a cave-dweller and less of a citizen than ever. One thing is patent to the most casual—there are no such specimens of starved, crippled, fawning, browbeaten humanity as one sees in any one of the contiguous districts. If a Chinaman does not belong to a society he might starve, but since this form of caste is the first thing he achieves on arriving here, there are no Celestial tramps in Chinatown. There was one—a *ki-di*, or contemptuously termed "short hair"—a most forlorn specimen who had been "Christianized." He was thrown out of the societies, and afterwards repudiated by the missionaries for something not at all to his credit. He returned to the quarter, only to receive a cold reception on the part of his former friends, and turned tramp; but he was such an exception to the rule as to prove its wide acceptance. There are many who have a hard time to get along; but by frequenting the society's temple-lodge and sharing now and then some of the offerings of roast pig and rice with the keepers and the priests of the Joss, the unfortunate is sure to get food enough to maintain life, and an occasional jar of "hop" to give him a taste of the luxury which comes to the fortunate. He may be in dire straits for years before his death; but upon his demise a five-hundred-dollar funeral is none too luxurious to advertise the prosperity of the organization.

The rivalry between the several secret societies is intense, but never bitter. Its demonstration takes the form of display rather than hostility. Each order gives a matinée to its particular Joss each year, on which occasion the latter painted dignitary is drawn in a carriage from the temple to the Chinese theatre, in Doyers Street, amid the blowing of trumpets, the beating of rattlesnake-skin, and the firing of cannon-crackers, till the narrow canyons of Pell and Doyers are fogged with smoke and the smudge of punk-sticks. In the private box of the theatre the society's Joss is set up, there to watch the play, which is in the nature of a religious masque, glorifying the worship of ancestry, and there the Luck-god receives his offerings of roast suckling pig, chicken, sweetmeats, rice, and pear wine. On these occasions the theatre is filled to overflowing with the members of the society and their friends from other societies, for the best of fellowship prevails.

Altogether, the secret societies of Chinatown are its very life and stronghold. They are consistent with the secretive character of the Oriental, and encourage rather than overcome his timidity, his indifference to foreign customs, and his hatred of a governmental form which respects neither him nor his belongings, even making sport of his most cherished institutions. A curious effect of these collocations of the politic Celestials is that, however strong may be the desire of the Chinaman to return to his native country—and away from it he is never completely happy—once having spent a few years here and become a factor in the life of the society with which he affiliates, he can never content himself with China again. One Chinaman of great means and influence has three times disposed of his business and taken his goodly profits back to the Celestial Kingdom, and has as many times returned. For, however he might have enjoyed the society of his wife and children there, when it reached the ears of the mandarin of the province that he had arrived, the unfortunate man was arrested on some frivolous charge and made to give up a great share of his wealth, or submit to torture, or even death. Whatever evil he may do in this country, his society will save him. Whatever good he may do there, nothing can save him. Forced for the third time to fly to avoid the rapacity of mandarin greed, he has returned to the solace of his society, his "cousins," the fantan game of Buy and Sell, and the occasional comforts of his "pipe."

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION. IV.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF (*in the Ceylon Café*). "I say, Rafe, she'd be a mighty handsome colored girl if it wasn't for that beard."

Some Unique Wards of Uncle Sam

BY C. L. POOR,
ENSIGN, U. S. N.

WITHIN a very brief space of time this country of ours has gathered unto itself many strange and new lands, many odd and remarkable citizens. We have taken up the "White Man's Burden," and it lies with us to care for men of many races and many creeds.

Unique among our acquisitions is a handful of strange folk that are hidden away in our tiny, isolated colony of Guam. Of a verity they are "strangers in a strange land," for Guam is not their home nor birthplace, and they are citizens of Uncle Sam through a spasmodic effort of the Spanish government to promote the welfare of their island possessions.

The group to which I have reference are natives of the Caroline Islands, which lie a few hundreds of miles south of Guam. Some years ago the Spanish colonial officials feared a decrease in the population of Guam, and thought to check this by importing a colony of the hardier Caroline Island natives, so a number of them were put upon a vessel and taken away to exile. It was expected that they would mingle and intermarry with the Guamese, but their plans did not prove successful. Of totally different race, habits, and degree of civilization, the little community from the southern islands resolutely banded together and built themselves a village upon the shores of Agaña Bay, about two miles from the capital. Here, with their own chiefs and customs, they live separate and distinct from the more civilized Guamese, only mingling with them in so far as necessary for obtaining food or the few articles essential to their primitive mode of life.

Their village consists of one street running from the road to the beach. It is bordered on either side with their houses, built of nipa thatch, low, and resting directly upon the ground. This is in contradistinction to the Guamese, who build their houses upon raised pillars to keep them dry and free from insects. The cooking is done over fires built in rude stone hearths, generally placed under a small thatched awning just in front of the entrance. Overhead and all around tower the cocoanut-trees, from which nearly all their wants are supplied—food, fuel, light, clothing, kitchen utensils—almost everything they require. At the end of the street is a lovely vista of white beach and the dazzling "combers" of the Pacific. Upon the sand are their rudely fashioned log canoes, each with a small outrigger lashed to it. In these they find their recreation and seek their remaining source of food—the fish.

The inhabitants of this village are indeed a curious lot, and unlike any other people now claiming the protection of the Stars and Stripes. With dark skins and woolly hair, thick lips, sunken nose, and marked cheek-bones, they are typical examples of the Pacific island race, true Polynesians, differing in every respect from the Guamese, who are of Malay origin. They are more nearly like our fellow-Americans of Samoa than any others, but are not as fine a race as they. They are of medium stature, with strong well-knit figures, both of men and women. Their faces do not indicate great intelligence, yet are not entirely stupid. They seemed to be good-natured and merry, and evinced the greatest interest in our cameras, and were highly delighted when allowed to look through the finders at their mates, though much mystified by the inverting glass of the plate cameras.

As for their costumes there is little to be said, for their scarcity and simplicity were striking. For the women it consisted simply of a piece of close-woven grass cloth or fibre mat wound around the loins and fastened at the side. For the men, a breech-clout of red calico or of grass fibre was *de rigueur*. The children up to quite an advanced age were clothed only in a happy smile and their innocence. All were entirely shoeless or sandalless, and no head-covering of any sort was worn, though some of the chiefs had heads of hair that would have been the pride of a football-player.

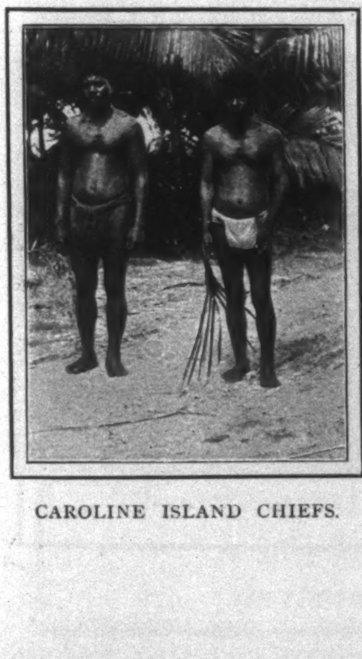
Many of the women wore quaint necklaces made of shells or of laboriously cut and carved pieces of fish-bone. Some of these were quite pretty. One remarkable woman, whose hair hung in a vast spreading mop around her head and over her ears, *à la* Mérode, wore a wonderful belt, about six inches wide, made up of alternate squares of red and white. It consisted of countless pieces of scraped bone, very tiny, and strung upon threads placed side by side. It represented endless labor and was a remarkable piece of work. The married women have a queer habit of slitting the lower lobe of the ear. Into this they stuff bunches of grass, sticks, shells, and other odd things. They continue this until the lower part of the lobe is so distended and stretched that it often hangs in a loop as low as the shoulders. Into this loop bunches of flowers are thrust upon gala occasions.

All hands cover themselves with cocoanut oil, and their entourage is permeated with its rancid, sickish odor, indescribable and unbearable. The belles and village dandies mix yellow curry powder with the oil, which gives their bodies a startling greenish-yellow color that is the acme of Caroline Island fashion.

In their original home they were wont to use the most cumbersome money in the world—huge stones, that they piled about their houses as visible evidence of wealth. Here they become of a more practical mind, and we found that they were most desirous of our Mexican dollars, and refused to show us their native dance unless they were forth-coming. The all-pervading cigarette has captured them, for we nearly precipitated a riot when we threw a few of them into the crowd that was about us. They are ruled by a chief, who seemed to have them well under control, and through him we succeeded in making them show us their national dance. It was not particularly striking. The women ranged themselves in two ranks, and, led by the woman with the belt, began to chant a weird ditty, advancing and stamping their feet, waving their hands, and slapping their breasts in time—just such a dance as one would see among savage natives the world over.

Only one or two of them speak English, and almost none can read or write, and were they numerous might prove somewhat of a white elephant to government authority. But there are only about sixty of them in all—men, women, and children—and disease and moral laxity have done much to stay any growth. Peaceable and well-intentioned, they will give us no trouble whatever, and surely we cannot refuse their simple plea—that they be not compelled to wear clothes, but may be allowed to live in their primitive state. Alas! these strange, misplaced, new Americans may soon find that American nationality sometimes, even in far-off Guam, brings with it the "strenuous life"—clothes and other rude shocks to Arcadian simplicity.

SAN LUIS D'APRA, *May*, 1900.



CAROLINE ISLAND CHIEFS.

YOUNG GIRL OF GUAM.

THE FINISH—PENNSYLVANIA 1ST, WISCONSIN 2D, CORNELL 3D.

The Intercollegiate Boat-Races

THE second annual intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie on June 30 was an interesting repetition of the first regatta of this association. In 1899 Pennsylvania defeated Wisconsin in the university race by one and one-half seconds. This year the Quaker and Badger shells were again lapped at the finish. The Pennsylvanians won another victory, this time by a margin of one and four-fifths seconds. In both races Cornell, who prior to 1898 had scored a long series of victories over Pennsylvania, was crowded into third place by the University of Wisconsin.

The record of the three events of the regatta is:

University race.—Won by Pennsylvania; time, 19 min. 44 3-5 sec. Wisconsin second; time, 19 min. 46 2-5 sec. Cornell third; time, 20 min. 4 1-5 sec. Columbia fourth; time, 20 min. 8 1-5 sec. Georgetown fifth; time, 20 min. 19 1-5 sec.

Freshman race.—Won by Wisconsin; time, 9 min. 45 2-5 sec. Pennsylvania second; time, 9 min. 54 3-5 sec. Cornell third; time, 9 min. 55 1-5 sec. Columbia fourth; time, 10 min. 8 sec.

Four-oar race.—Won by Pennsylvania; time, 10 min. 31 1-5 sec. Columbia second; time, 10 min. 38 sec. Cornell did not finish. Pennsylvania's time established a new record for college fours on the Poughkeepsie courses. Last year the time of the winning Pennsylvania four was 11 min. and 12 sec.

The university race was a remarkable sprinting contest for four miles. All of the crews rowed very high strokes. Pennsylvania's strokes per minute for the four miles averaged 37; Wisconsin's 36; Cornell's 36 2-3; Columbia's 36, and Georgetown's 36½. The fact that such high strokes were maintained throughout the race can only be explained by two facts: First, the closeness of the race, which kept the crews fighting for the lead; and second, that all of the crews, although apparently reaching for a good long stroke, clipped considerable off both ends of their stroke in the excitement of the race.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S WINNING CREW.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN CREW.

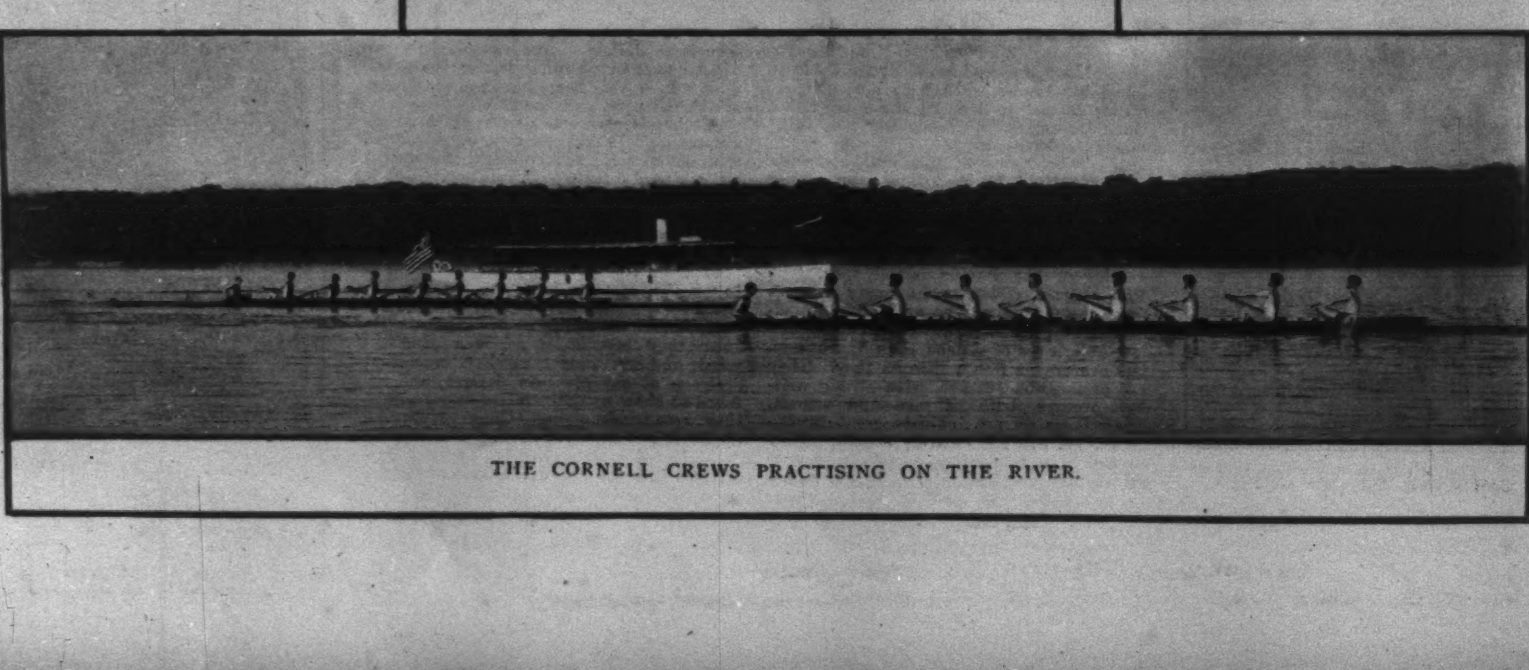
After the first half-mile of the race, where Cornell and Wisconsin were even, with the other three crews bunched on their heels, Cornell was unable to get her shell up to the head of the race. At the mile flag Wisconsin was leading Pennsylvania by a narrow margin, with Cornell a close third, Columbia fourth, and Georgetown last. At the mile-and-a-half flag Pennsylvania was leading, with Cornell second and Wisconsin third, but there was not more than 15 feet between the prows of Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

At the two-mile flag the order of the boats was: Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Cornell, with not more than 40 feet between the prows of the Quaker and Ithacan shells. Two boat-lengths behind this trio Columbia and Georgetown were about even.

Half a mile from the finish Pennsylvania got her men together again and raised her stroke for a final spurt. Pennsylvania passed Wisconsin, but in the effort Crowther, Pennsylvania's No. 2, slipped his slide. The Badgers jumped for the lead. The boats were only a few lengths from the finish. Pennsylvania seemed to be roused by this mishap, and her men made one of those phenomenal recoveries which sometimes only a mishap seems to bring about in a crew that is almost pumped out. In the few strokes of the race that were left, the Pennsylvania shell once more slipped ahead of the Winconsin boat, and crossed the line leading by two-thirds of a length. Four lengths astern of Wisconsin came Cornell, with her men in poor physical condition and Columbia only a length behind, and rapidly gaining on her. The Georgetown crew finished three lengths behind the New York boat.

The closeness of this race can only be explained by one substantial fact. College rowing in this country is improving. All of these crews were coached by professionals, but not according to professional methods of rowing. The styles of the strokes rowed were very much alike, and all showed plainly that the professionals are each year getting nearer and nearer to the English stroke, but are adapting this stroke gradually to American methods. This should be a source of great encouragement to American college oarsmen.

ALBERT H. BARCLAY.



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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE stock-market has continued to be dull and somewhat irregular, with a preponderance of "bear" influence. The reasons for this are not far to seek. The outside public is in a waiting mood, and the operations of the Exchange are left mostly to the professional traders, who find it hard to keep up a show of activity. Although there is a general feeling of confidence in the final result of the political campaign, which is now fairly opened, there is always uncertainty enough to act as a check. The critical situation in China is not likely to have a serious effect upon credit or values in Europe or this country, but it is disturbing to the mind, and contributes to hesitation in markets that are closely associated with each other.

More effective with us is the actual business situation here, which is still undergoing a moderate reaction, with little prospect of recovery before the autumn. Iron and steel prices are sagging and have not yet settled upon a firm bottom. Buyers are waiting, before they place any large orders, to know what prices they must pay, and when the final adjustment is reached there is likely to be renewed activity. There is no doubt that the high prices caused a check in railroad equipment, bridge construction, and building operations, which require much iron and steel, and these have been held back, not abandoned. The labor strikes in Chicago and other Western cities, which helped to put a check upon industrial activity, have been settled, and that affords a hopeful element for a revival when prices have reached a lasting basis. With the sinking of prices for iron and steel products, there has been a depression in the stocks of the steel companies, which is not yet at an end. Railroad securities have been affected somewhat indirectly by the same influences, as well as by unfavorable crop reports, which have doubtless been exaggerated. The railroad managers have become cautious in their action, and some companies have been declaring lower dividends than their earnings seemed to justify. There seems to have been no serious falling off in the volume of traffic thus far, and the latest reports continue to show increased gross earnings, but in some conspicuous cases these are accompanied by a decrease in net earnings. This is, of course, due to larger operating expenses, and these have been caused in part by the cost of such extension and equipment as has not been met by raising new capital. The conservatism of the managers indicates a prudent regard for the exigencies of an unsettled but hopeful future.

The easy condition of the money-market has been uninterrupted, rates in New York still being 2 per cent. and under for call loans, 3 to 3½ for time loans, up to three or four months, and 4 to 5½ per cent. for commercial paper, according to quality. The banks have gained somewhat in reserve, while loans and deposits have fallen off a little. There have been a maturing of investment bills of exchange and a preparation for half-yearly disbursements of interest and dividends, which somewhat affected bank returns. Foreign exchange has been rather weak, with lower rates and no sign of a gold movement either way. The large margin of exports over imports and of buying of American securities over selling abroad leads to the belief in an accumulating American credit on the other side.

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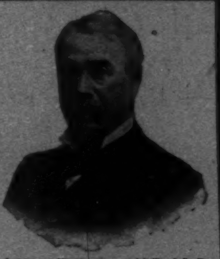

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